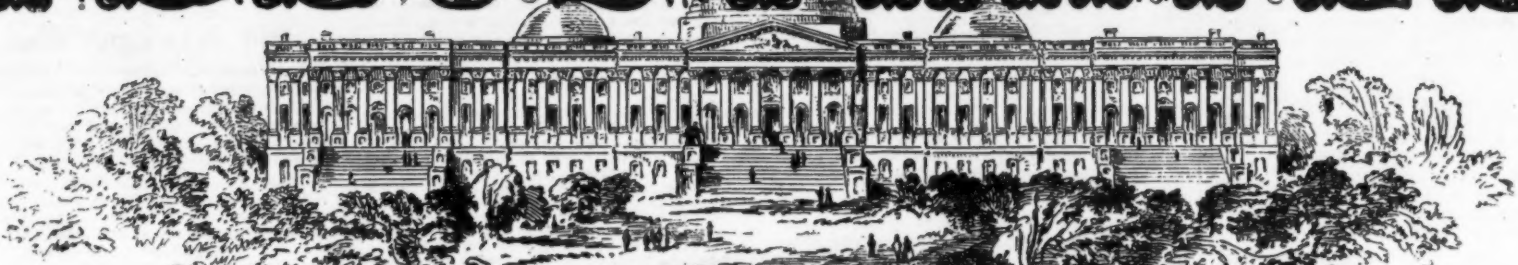


FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

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No. 414—VOL. XVI.]

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 5, 1863.

[PRICE 3 CENTS.]

SURPRISE OF INDIAN HORSE THIEVES, Near German Lake, Minn.

THE fearful magnitude of the civil war now raging in the country has, in a manner, diverted public attention from Minnesota, where, during the past two years, all the horrors of Indian warfare that have been repeated periodically in our history have been enacted once more. Our readers remember the fearful massacre which desolated the frontier, and the subsequent defeat of the

Indians. It would be, however, a delusion to suppose that the storm has passed. Towns are still building stockades and blockhouses for refuge, and prowling bands of Indians steal and murder constantly. Almost daily a call to arms is heard somewhere, and neighbors gather to pursue the banditti. A correspondent sends us a sketch of an encounter near German lake, in July, between a band of three Indians and a party of the citizens of Cleveland. The Indians penetrated to a

thickly-settled part, stole horses, and for ten days prowled around, till they were discovered and pursued. In the fight one Indian was killed and one wounded, the third escaped; but, after an exciting chase through the woods and underbrush, was overtaken.

SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

THE lull in the war, produced by our recent victories, causes all eyes to centre on the city

of Charleston; and to gratify the curiosity naturally excited by the efforts in operation near that hotbed of secession, we give a series of views from the latest forwarded by our Special Artist. From the signal station, erected under rebel fire, on Craig's hill, he obtained several views of rebel operations which possess considerable interest. On the ruins of the lighthouse the rebels had erected an observatory, from which, before the advance on Morris island, they fre-



SURPRISE OF INDIAN HORSE THIEVES NEAR GERMAN LAKE, MINNESOTA.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. E.

quently signalled, by rockets and lights, to their blockade-runners. The remains of Whitney's ill-fated battery Keokuk, or rather the tops of her turrets, as seen at low water, are another object of interest which he sketches, and, as a counterpoise, the wreck of the blockade-runner Ruby.

The iron-clad frigate Ironsides, soon to be completely tested in a grapple with Fort Sumter, which in Dupont's engagement she was unable to bear upon, contrasts with the fort which all Americans so long to see once more under the National flag.

At the latest dates, the rebels, seeing the tremendous power of our siege guns, were apparently dismantling Fort Sumter, so as to abandon and mine it. Only barbettes guns appear, and these fire seldom; but on James Island they are throwing up immense works, as our Artist graphically shows them, and mounting them with cannon from Sumter. On our side the works are closing on Wagner, and the infantry guard the trenches to prevent a surprise. A few nights since the enemy opened with canister, and a daily was expected.

Barnum's American Museum.

SUMMER DRAMATIC SEASON, under the direction of that talented and popular actor, C. W. CLARKE, Esq., assisted by many of the best Artists of the day. Also, to be seen at all hours, the OVERLAND OUTRIG, TIGER CAT, BOA CONSTRUCTOR, AUTOMATON WRITER, etc., etc. Admission to all, 25 cents. Children under Ten, 15 cents.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 5, 1863.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 72 Duane Street, between Broadway and Elm, New York.

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Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.

A fight took place recently at Snicker's Gap, between a party of deserters, chiefly Georgians and North Carolinians, and Imboden's rebel cavalry, the deserters escaping to the mountains.

Lee's line at last accounts extended from Madison Court House to Fredericksburg, with Longstreet on the right, Hill along the Rapidan, Ewell around Gordonsville, and Stuart at Culpepper.

A brilliant naval affair took place on the Planktank river, in which a noted blockade runner was arrested; but unfortunately Capt. Hotchkiss, of the gunboat Gen. Putnam, was killed while endeavoring to seize some rebel craft.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The bombardment of Fort Sumter and the other rebel works by Gen. Gillmore, on the 17th of August, is said to have been terrible, his guns showing their tremendous power on Fort Sumter, and shell even reaching the city.

The Richmond *Whig* says the fire of the 200-pound Parrots is beginning to tell on Fort Sumter, which replies only at long intervals.

The attack began at daybreak, and at six A.M. Admiral Dahlgren attacked batteries Wagner and Gregg with the Ironsides and monitors, nearly silencing both. At ten he joined in the attack on Sumter, which is placed and battered. During the attack on Wagner, Fleet-Capt. G. W. Rodgers, commanding the Catskill, was killed by a piece of turret lining.

GEORGIA.

A launch of the United States frigate Wabash was captured by the English blockade runner Juno on the 4th, about one mile from Cumming's Point. The rebels have, however, lost the steamer Robert Habersham.

MISSISSIPPI.

Union cavalry captured Durot Station, on the Mississippi railroad, securing a train, and other parties are striking at other points.

On the 20th an expedition, under Lieut. Col. Phillips, 9th Illinois mounted infantry, returned to Lagrange, Tenn., having on the 17th driven Gen. Slimmer out of Grenada, Miss., destroyed 57 locomotives, 400 cars, depot, machine shop, ordnance and commissary stores.

TENNESSEE.

West Tennessee has been cleared of guerrillas, and Gen. Rosecrans has issued stringent orders to suppress their outrages. He is now

advancing on Chattanooga and Burnside on Knoxville, so that Bragg will soon have to make a last fight.

ARKANSAS.

Troops have been sent to Helena, and Gen. Davidson has just crossed the White river at Clarendon, and moved in the direction of Little Rock. His advance were in sight of Price's pickets. The rebels are said to be concentrated at Alameda, five miles below Little Rock. Kirby Smith is in command, and fortifying his position.

KANSAS.

On the night of the 20th, Quantrell with 800 men captured Lawrence, Kansas, and fired it, plundering the place and killing 180 unarmed defenceless citizens in their own houses; among others, Gen. G. W. Collamer, the Mayor, John Spear, editor of the first Free State paper, Col. Stone and Josiah Trask. Gen. James H. Lane escaped, rallied a party and pursued Quantrell. The destruction is estimated at \$2,000,000.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The blockade of Wilmington is said to be very ineffective, rebel and English vessels arriving constantly.

Col. B. F. Onderdonk has just penetrated to Pasquotank and Hertford, N. C. His command, the 1st New York Mounted Rifles and 11th Pennsylvania cavalry, were attacked by guerrillas, but killed 30 and drove several into the Dismal Swamp. They captured 90 horses, some cattle, etc.

ALABAMA.

Our troops have again occupied Huntsville, with the intention of holding it permanently.

NOTES AND TOPICS.

The Future Development of the South.

With slavery checked or suppressed, with negro labor penalized or confined to the cotton and rice fields and gradually disappearing, as at the North, will come the advance and elevation of white labor, and with intelligent labor will come the utilization of the vast mineral wealth of the South.

Lately, in Richmond, a city railroad, of great value, was torn up by the Confederate Government, that the rails might be used to plate a new Merrimac, and bitter reflections are cast on Lee for not fighting a battle to enable them to tear up all the Aquia creek railroad. Iron, then, is scarce in the South, scarce in a country teeming with iron and metals of all kinds. Driven by the war, she has discovered and worked saltpetre and rock salt; but though these have paid beyond all means of exaggeration, the want of white labor has prevented the working of iron and other mines. Yet northern Alabama, the State of the late eloquent Yancey, is rich in iron of a very good quality, with inexhaustible beds of coal, gathered by Nature's kindly hand, near it, and an immense water power to enable the people of the land to work it into every possible form, the most labor-saving reaper or sewing-machine, the axe, the plane, the tool of every kind, the locomotive or other engine, the rail or the printing press.

But the whites around it are "poor white trash," reared by the cunning of wily men to despise labor and live in misery, to hug it as a privilege that slave labor excludes them from all mechanical pursuits. An attempt to call their attention to the advantage of turning to account the mineral wealth of the country was denounced as treason, and the man who proposed to his fellow-countrymen to work the neglected mines was seized as an abolitionist, tried by a vigilance committee and barely escaped with life. Yancey knew full well the degradation of the poor whites, which he sought to rivet; for in a speech at the North he warned the mechanics that the abolition of slavery would reduce them to a state which he described from actual observation, although he did not tell the source of his coloring. He described the poor white of the South, a type which cannot be reproduced at the North, as slavery, the chief and most powerful element, is wanting.

This has worked its own condemnation. The rebel Government, the incarnation of all the prejudices and errors of the South, now reaps what had been sown. Preventing the working of its mines the development of the mineral and operative wealth of the land, it now suffers an iron famine, fires salt, stones and bones from its cannon, and tears up railroad tracks to plate vessels, and would fight a battle and lose 20,000 men merely to obtain a momentary opportunity to wrench up and bear off the bars of a railroad track.

Providence never intended this rich land to be till doomsday the heritage of the non-progressive Indian, nor of a race that more guilty, knowing and seeing the wealth, refuses to use it. Even Adam was put into Eden to work it, and those who will not work their Eden, but listen to lying serpents, must expect to lose it.

This war will, we trust, renew the motto of our earlier days, "Novus ordo seclorum," and begin a new era for the regenerated South, which, utilizing her mineral wealth and manufacturing power, will rise to a position of wealth and influence hitherto unexampled, and less to be dreaded, as it will be in complete accord with the civilization of our times.

Voodooism.

The vast number of negroes in the South, many of them of comparatively recent importation from Africa, and the utter neglect of the mass of owners to Christianize or elevate in the scale of civilization these benighted members of a degraded race, has made African fetishism a wide-spread though ignored element in American life. Our books do not tell of it—our preachers do not denounce it—but it is nevertheless real and potent. Nay, more, it has spread to the whites, and men and women, reared in the full light of the nineteenth century, in the greatest and freest country in the world, in the land of Bible societies, tracts, evangelism in its thousand forms, bow down to the gods of Africa and practice

the heathenish rites that would have shocked Imperial Rome in the worst period of its paganism and license.

The Voodoo. Gentle reader, do you recognize the word? Are you aware of an American institution so called? We throw not; yet the magistrates and police of New Orleans seem to know full well what it is. The word is not in Appleton's excellent Cyclopædia, nor in his annual supplements; hence it will not be amiss to give the following from the New Orleans *Era* of August 1. Evidently, from the matter of fact way in which the whole is related, the worship is known and understood, and seems to be a part of the serpent worship so prevalent in all parts of the world, although, so far as we can remember, the Hon. E. G. Squier, with all his research into serpent worship, never thought of the vast field existing in this country.

"Special officer Long, with a detachment of the police force, last night made a descent upon a lot of women in a house on Marais street, while they were engaged in practicing the fetish rites known as the Voodoo Mysteries. There were some thirty of them in a small room; all as nude as Venus new risen from the sea, engaged in the wild African dance around a pot filled with all sort of charms. When the officers made their appearance, such a scampering occurred as was never before seen. The nude forms of swarthy hags, dusky-skinned nymphs, and their white allies, were seen rushing through all sorts of apertures in the vain effort to escape. Some 'shifted' to escape through the windows, but the officers succeeded in securing twenty, among them two demure-looking white women, who had been participating in the pagan rites.

"They were allowed to dress, and then marched off to the police station. This morning the whole party was brought before Judge Hughes, on the charge of 'being engaged in an unlawful assemblage for the purpose of bringing down the curse of our Heavenly Father upon the heads of those they wish to be revenged upon, commonly called a voodoo assembly.' When they were called upon for trial, Messrs. Vandeverri and Abell appeared, and asked for time to prepare the defence, and they were allowed till tomorrow morning. A large mob of negroes and white folks assembled in the vicinity of the court-room this morning, blocking up every avenue of approach, and creating such a disturbance that the Court was forced to order their dispersal. There is a great interest taken in these African mysteries by our colored population, and there are many proselytes among the white women of the city. The rites are very curious, borrowed from the idolatries of the fetish or serpent worshippers of Africa. They are performed by the votaries perfectly nude, led by the Voodoo Queen, dancing and singing some wild song around a caldron of charms, placed in their centre, something after the manner of the witches in Macbeth. The colored people place great reliance in the power of the Voodoo Queens, think them the arbiters of fate, that they hold in their hands the lives and fortunes of all men, and by the power of their charms can accomplish good or evil at pleasure. In fact, the supernatural power they are supposed to possess gives them almost unlimited sway over their superstitious followers, and there is no power in the land so much dreaded as that of the Voodoo Queen."

The power of these Voodoo Queens is doubtless upheld by poison, and the obscenity of the rites shows what a depth of lawlessness and immorality is thus maintained under a superstitious fear or faith.

With all the revelations of slavery and its curses, we were scarcely prepared for so frightful a development of barbarism, superstition, obscenity and crime, extending to the lower classes of whites, and bringing them down to the level of the most wretched African idolator.

Ghosts and Critics.

WHEN a little orphan wishes to ornament society, by polishing its patent and other leather understandings, he buys, either with cash or on credit, the necessary paraphernalia of his calling, which generally consists in a box of blacking, a tripartite brush, and a stand for his patrons' feet. Armed with these undoubted credentials he sallies forth, and stops whomsoever he listeth. Whether his labors result in his becoming a millionaire, a politician, or in his perishing as an ignominious bootblack, is for the future to decide.

At all events, his calling requires preparation, some education and capital. When, however, a man wants to become a critic, either literary, dramatic or musical, he requires nothing beyond a few time-hallowed phrases, which he can pick anywhere for nothing.

It was so in the days of Pope, who bewailed that all men required some apprenticeship to a trade, except the critic, who was ready-made. All he has to do is to master such phrases as "the indomitable Max," "the irrepressible impressario," "the well-known and popular manager," "the courteous treasurer," and "may his unexceptionable whiskers never become less." So much for the personal attributes of the presiding Jove—the artistic jargon is equally stereotyped and accessible, and requires no enumeration, the reader of every newspaper having them served up *à la carte* every time an old opera or play is revamped.

We have been led, as our friend Fribble would say, into this vein of thought, by reading in the *Home Journal* the very startling question of "What becomes of our defunct donkeys?" Every child knows where all the old moons and the pins go, but the other disappearances are not so palpable. We cannot understand what becomes of our critics. In their early youth they may indulge in the frivolous pursuit of managers, musicians, actors and singers, and live upon their shibboleth, but we cannot fancy their dying in such harness.

Perhaps they become "ghosts?" This is the solution of an old, and allow us to add, strange as it may sound, an intelligent member of the press, one who has seen three generations of editors, reporters, musical critics, pastebos and devils pass away like the mushrooms of morning. He founds his hypothesis on the Phantom Club, which hovered in the dim confines of oyster cellars, around that singular vampire of the dramatic world, Dion Boucicault. Yes, the mystery of what becomes of theatrical critics is solved—they become ghosts—and so we leave to another generation to discover what becomes of the dead astuties!

A Doubtful Certificate.

THE aristocratic and advertising circles of London are laughing at a passage of arms between a quack-wine-merchant and the jaunty patriarch of the House of Commons. Mr. Nichols, of palatial fame having purchased a considerable quantity of Malaga wine cheap, resolved to turn an honest penny by the operation, and use Lord Palmerston as an advertising medium. He thereupon sent a dozen of this wine to his intended victim, with a letter, expressing his great admiration of the distinguished statesman, and begging his acceptance of the wine, which, he said was a certain cure for the gout, the only complaint, except bladder, which, it is well known, the noble lord is subject to. The wily and generous wine-merchant received a few days afterwards the following handsome but somewhat equivocal acknowledgment:

"TREASURY, July, 1863.
"Messrs. Nichols & Co., Ashchurch Road.
"Dear Sirs—I beg to thank you most cordially for your kind present of wine, which you assure me is a certain specific for gout. I have tasted the wine, but must frankly own that I prefer the gout. Reciprocity of your good wishes, I remain, dear sirs,
"Sincerely yours,
"PALMERSTON."

What would not Drake, who advertises his universal rejuvenator and everlasting restorative, give for such a handsome testimonial to his specific?

THE IDLER ABOUT TOWN.

What would our German citizens do if there was no country? If there were no green fields, no over-shadowing trees, no broad rivers flowing ever onward to the sea; but instead of these only acres of brown stone and brick houses! We verily believe they would die out; they would become as dry and asplendid as the most confirmed tobacco-chewing, brandy-cocktail-drinking, dollar-saving, pleasure-chewing, shrivelled-up Yankee. The Germans are the only people in this country who know how to live. They work well and they play well. They are a saving people, but not for the purpose of hoarding, for they spend a fair proportion of their gains in daily enjoyment. They are the lightest-hearted workers in the world, because they look forward to a pleasant time as soon as their labor is concluded. If you want to see the Germans from the most amiable point of view, you must mingle with them in the open air; you must join their social gatherings in Jones's Wood, or Conrad's Garden, or in any of the numerous German pleasure gardens in the outskirts of the city.

If we may judge by the daily festivals held there, Jones's Wood is the most popular of all the gardens. It is by far the largest of its kind, and is most beautifully situated right on the banks of the East River. The grounds are undulating, and are covered with glorious old trees, under the shade of which one can keep cool, even in the hottest weather. We strolled over the ground one day last week, when the German singing societies held high festival there. It was a scene of brilliant animation. Thousands on thousands of visitors thronged every avenue, crowded every shady nook, and one spirit alone seemed to pervade the whole mass of mortality, that of utter abandonment to the enjoyment of the hour. You could find no selfish, exclusive groups of men, gazing and smoking, intent upon their own enjoyment alone. That churlishness of manner is only to be found among the Americans, the English, and the Irish. These, as a general thing, leave women out of their social gatherings and out-of-doors amusements. The German, on the contrary, puts his pipe in his mouth, rolls out of his front door, and is followed by his neat and good-humored vrow, and a raft of children of all ages and sizes, and away they start for some country spot, where they can pass the entire day, breathing the fresh, pure air, with nothing above, below, or around them but the heavens, the green earth and the sheltering trees.

This family group is but the type of their large social out-of-doors gatherings, which are family meetings on a large scale. Mingling with the g-y gossip of the more matured is heard the happy outburst of children's laughter, the pleasantest sound in the world. From a far-off group suddenly bursts forth a spirited German glee, sung by good, manly, melodious voices, the well-known burden of which is echoed from a dozen groups scattered around. Then a pure song, for mixed voices, rings through the air, and the rich flow of its melody, now rising to a magnificent crescendo, then falling to a mere tone-whisper, is made a thousand times more beautiful by the gentle influence of the time and the place.

Of course there are baskets without number, each occupying the place of honor, the centre of a happy, hungry group. What is a festival without food, and what is food without drink? The mingling of the material with the imaginative in the German character is the very happiest of unions. When there is a danger of the imagination running riot, it is moderated by a sedative in the shape of leber-wurst; and when there is a fear that the material will settle down, with digestion, into dullness, the imagination is stimulated by frequent libations of amber-colored, cream foam-topped lager beer, or the cool and more delicately flavored old Rhine wine, under whose influence the glorious social qualities of the German character shine forth in the brightest and pleasantest colors. They are jovial, full of fire and full of fun, but they rarely run into excess, so that their going home is even more happy than their coming forth; for they carry with them the remembrance of a day of reasonable, intense and unalloyed pleasure, and enough of pleasant fatigue to insure a night of undisturbed rest. We have rarely spent an idle day to more profit, combined with so much personal enjoyment; and we wished, with a not very hopeful heart, that our people were of a more cheerful spirit; that they would more frequently throw off the incubus of trade and the morbid craving for gain, and that they would come out of the shadow of their lives into the light of innocent family socialists and a closer communion with nature, that gentle and unfailing consoler of the wearied and jaded spirit. It will be a happy time for our people if our wishes are ever realized.

After a run of 13 weeks the fine drama of the "Duke's Motto" has to be withdrawn from Niblo's Garden, in consequence of long standing engagements entered into by the management. The drama, it is said, has been witnessed by 200,000 people, and still it has lost but little of its attractive powers. It was one of the luckiest hits that any management has made in this city for many years. On Saturday evening next, the 29th inst., Mr. D. Bandmann, the great German delineator of Shakespeare, will appear at this house, as Shylock in the "Merchant of Venice." On Monday evening next Mr. Edwin Forrest will commence a lengthened engagement, supported by a competent stock company. His first character will be Richard III., and his nights of performance Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. Mr. D. Bandmann will occupy the off-nights, Tuesday and Saturday.

The original Ghost at Wallace's Theatre continues to maintain its prestige, smiling scornfully at its ambitious competitors. The curiosity to see this remarkable illusion has by no means subsided, as, notwithstanding the heat of the weather, the house is filled night after night. It will doubtless run until the opening of the regular fall and winter season.

The Winter Garden, under the management of Mr. H. Bland, opened last week, and has met with a flattering degree of success. The company is, in many respects, very excellent, containing many old favorites and well esteemed actors. The new piece which introduced Mrs. D. P. Bowen to the public, was written by the English dramatist, Charles Selby, and is called "Natalie, or the Death Barge of the Loire." It is by no means a favorable specimen of that gentleman's work, still it contains some striking situations, and is of sufficient interest to attract a miscellaneous audience. Mrs. D. P. Bowen has an agreeable stage presence, is a handsome woman, her voice is pleasing, and she acts gracefully and carefully. The piece does not offer much scope for the display of higher dramatic ability, but all she did was most acceptable. We should like to see her in some play of greater strength. The getting up of the piece was excellent in every respect. If like care is bestowed upon all the pieces produced here, Mr. Bland's management will speedily win favor with the public.

The Stereopticon is attracting all the lovers of the beautiful in art to Irving Hall. Its rare excellence has won its way with the public, and established for it a reputation which will always insure large and appreciative audiences wherever it is exhibited. The representation of the statuary is alone worth double the price of admission.

Baum's Museum is at present the camping ground of a body of Sioux and Winnebago Indian Chiefs and Braves. They are splendid specimens of the native American Indians, and are exhibiting an extraordinary amount of public curiosity. The Museum has been thought of ever since their visit. Their characteristic songs and dances are perfectly unique in their way. The dramatic company in the Lecture Room is a most attractive feature. Two charming pieces are performed every afternoon and evening. The Museum is full of wonderful things, to examine which a long day's visit will hardly suffice.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The Vermont election takes place on the 7th of September. John G. Smith, of St. Albans, is the Republican candidate for Governor, and T. P. Redfield, of Montpelier, the Democratic candidate.

—The whole quantity of salt inspected on the Onondaga Salt Springs Reservations, New York, from January 1 to August 15, 1863, is 3,231,810 bushels. The whole quantity inspected during the same time in 1862 was 3,997,972, decrease 766,162 bushels.

—A meeting of citizens was held on the 19th of August, at the Oddfellows' Hall, Hoboken, N. J., to devise means for raising money to pay bounties for volunteers to make up the quota of 222 men, so as to avoid the necessity for drafting. Gen. Hatfield took the chair. After speeches by Mayor Elder, Judge Whitley, J. M. Board and Counselor Lyons, the meeting adjourned. Mr. Board said that Mr. E. A. Stevens was willing to contribute towards the fund. A committee was appointed to raise the necessary amount.

—G. N. Benjamin F. Butler, Senator Henry Wilson and Geo. Howard are to take the stump in Maine, in favor of the election of Samuel Cony, the Republican candidate for Governor.

—The flag-staff of the Battery, which was erected in 1835, was shivered by lightning last week. On the 19th of August it was hoisted out of the ground. Instead of the coins and documents supposed to have been deposited there by the city fathers of that day, only one cent was found.

—Two wills of the late Archbishop Kenrick, of Baltimore have been duly presented in the office of the Register of Wills of that city. The last will, dated 29th of November, 1859, is regarded as inoperative, being signed by but two witnesses, while the law requires three. By the first will, which is dated 20th of April, 1861, and is duly attested and admitted to probate, the Archbishop bequeaths to the Very Rev. Francis J. Hommi, all his real and personal estate, now held or to be held, and in the event of the latter's death or absence from the United States at the time of the decease of the testator, the property was to pass to the Rev. H. B. Cookery, the relatives or next-of-kin being entirely excluded from any share in the estate. This will was witnessed by P. O'Neill, W. F. Clark, and C. H. Storey.

—The Railroad Kings, as they are called, commenced to tear up Fulton street on Sunday, Aug. 16, preparatory to laying the tram for the gridiron railroad.

—The New York Herald accounts Gov. Todd, of Kentucky, Gov. Randall, of Wisconsin, and Sen. Harris, of New York, as unduly pressing the President to alter his conservative policy.

—There is open war between Mr. Cameron, ex-War Minister, and Gov. Curtin, of Penn. Great efforts are making to induce the President to give Curtin a diplomatic office abroad, in order to get him out of the way. Gov. Curtin, it is said, prefers to be re-elected to the gubernatorial chair.

—There is no truth in the rumor that Cassius Marcellus Clay had made an alliance with Russia against France and England.

—The postal currency is becoming so torn and dirty that a new one ought to be issued. Much of it is really worthless, as the officials of the railroads, etc., refuse to take it. The Washington Intelligence estimates that Government expects to make a large profit by this novel but somewhat disreputable method of swindling the public.

—Thurlow Weed, who has lately been very severe upon the Abolitionists, has, so it is rumored, exhibited signs of repentance, and wishes to return to his former position in the clique.

—The valuation of city property, as assessed for taxes for the present year, amounts to the enormous aggregate of \$54,754,543. The total amount required to be raised by tax for 1863 will be \$11,788,457.96, making the rate of tax required to produce the amount needed 1.96 40-100 on the dollar of valuations, or a fraction less than two per cent. This information will be useful to taxpayers. By ascertaining the amount for which they are assessed they can calculate beforehand how much they will have to pay.

—Mr. Francis, proprietor of the Troy Times, a little newspaper destroyed during a recent fire, has sent in his bill for damages, the amount, \$10,466.

—The Bishop of Buffalo issued an address to his Catholic flock on the 18th of Aug., warning them of re-issuing the draft. Gov. Seymour also issued a similar address, promising the drafted men the protection of the courts, should the conscription bill be found unconstitutional.

—The Provost-Marshal of Massachusetts is accused of showing a greater desire to induce the men to pay the \$300 commutation than to procure a substitute. The Springfield Republican contains a letter which says: "There are but very few substitutes reported in the district, not a dozen out of a whole thousand examined, and the reason is that it has been a most impossible to get the attention of the board to their examination or acceptance. At least twenty cases have come under my knowledge where men have been anxious to furnish substitutes, but when they reported with them on the day assigned, they were told that the board had no time to attend to them, and they had better pay their \$300."

Western.—A telegram from Cairo states that Gen. Grant has issued orders that all persons having cotton and other produce not required by the army be allowed to bring the same to any military post within the State of Mississippi, and abandon it to the agent of the Treasury Department, to be disposed of in accordance with the regulations of the Secretary of the Treasury.

—The story that Gen. Price had resigned is pronounced by a rebel dispatch to be untrue. He was on the White river, Ark., in command of his division.

—The candidates for the two vacant seats in the United States Senate in Missouri are John B. Henderson, gradual emancipationist; John A. Phelps, who belongs to what is termed the "claybank" faction; B. Gratz Brown, "charcoal," or immediate emancipationist; and Gen. B. N. Loan, formerly a War Democrat, but at present very uncertain.

—Ex-United States Senator Rice, of Minnesota, has come out strongly in favor of the War Democracy. He says every soldier in the army is a Democrat, and the party that stands by the Government in the prosecution of the war is the true Democracy.

—637 bales of cotton were sold on Government account at Cincinnati on the 17th inst., at prices ranging between 37 and 58 cents. The whole amount yielded about \$100,000.

—It is now rumored in Ohio that a proposal is to be made to V. H. Hildingham by his political friends, requiring a pledge that, in case of his election, he will co-operate fully with the National Government in the support of its war measures, and that he is to have the choice of signing it or giving place to some man who will make that pledge.

—A gang of thieves, who said they belonged to Colt's rebel cavalry, on the 26th Aug. robbed the Southern Bank of Kentucky, at Carrollton, of \$100,000 in gold, and \$30,000 in bills.

Southern.—Capt. Miller, Acting Mayor of New Orleans, has dismissed Col. T. B. Thorpe, the City Surgeon, in consequence of some dispute about contracts. The Mayor's conduct is universally blamed as being illegal and corrupt. It is expected that Gen. Banks will re-instate Thorpe and remove the Mayor, who happens to be a Captain in the U. S. army, and doubly amenable to military authority.

—Advice from New Orleans to the 11th Aug. are received at Memphis. They state that the health of the city is only fair. There were numerous cases of yellow fever at the quarantine. The steamer Wood, from Vicksburg, had arrived, bringing down 500 sick soldiers. Disease is said to be on the increase at that point, most of the cases being of the most malignant type of typhoid fever, seven out of ten of which prove fatal.

—The Confederates are not satisfied with the manner in which their Generals have recently arranged their affairs. A court of inquiry has been called, to meet at Montgomery, to investigate the rebel campaign in Mississippi and Louisiana in May, June and July, and especially to inquire into the surrender of Vicksburg and Port Hudson.

—Rebel papers say that Mobile is being heavily reinforced to repel any Union attack. The "Last ditch" is in plain sight of that doomed city.

—The following is a correct list of rebel prices at Atlanta, Ga., on the 6th August: Printing paper, \$3 per lb.; chickens, \$3 per pair; flour, \$35 per 100 lbs.; corn, \$1.50 per lb.; beef, \$1.10 per lb.; butter, \$1.75 per lb.; eggs, \$1 per dozen; cabbage, \$1 a piece; potatoes, \$2 per bushel; calves, \$3 per yard; shoes, \$40 a pair; boots, \$7 a pair.

—The North Carolina press is becoming very bitter against the rebel President, whom they accuse of having ruined the slave States for his own personal ambition.

—The Richmond papers deny that an indiscriminate burning of cotton is being practiced in Mississippi; they assert that the only cotton that has been destroyed is that located in close proximity to the Union army, and that the remainder will be removed far beyond the reach of our forces. The cotton owned by the rebel Government, and which stands pledged for the redemption of the foreign loan, has for the most part, so far as heard from, been preserved intact; and such lots as may be destroyed, it is asserted, will be made good from other quarters of the Confederacy. The rebel authorities, even now, assert their readiness to deliver the cotton to those who have subscribed to the loan, and as the receipts from Wilmington are pretty numerous, to say nothing of the Rio Grande route, it is not unlikely but what, in occasional instances, they may make their promise good.

—The contraband correspondence that reaches the rebel papers from New Orleans is very much changed from what it was six months ago. The judicious regulations of Gen. Banks has corrected the public feeling, and finally induced it into a resignation to a restoration of the Union; while Gen. Butler's provost-marshal proceedings irritated the population to a prolonged resistance. Whether Gen. Banks' emollients would have succeeded immediately after the capture of the city is or course a doubtful question.

—It would seem, from the Richmond Examiner, that the rebel Government was advised of the secret determination of our military authorities to abandon all active proceedings in Virginia, and by retreating upon our defenses round Washington, enable us to send reinforcements to Charleston.

—Two brothers, who had been for some time incarcerated in Richmond for being Unionists, and were afterwards conscripted, recently made their escape to Yorktown. They report that most of the fortifications around Richmond have no guns mounted, and there were but few troops in and around the city. They say Gen. Lee's men were deserting him by hundreds and companies at a time.

Military.—President Lincoln has forwarded to Mrs. Strong a Major-General's commission for her late husband, who was mortally wounded while leading his brigade against Fort Wagner.

—Miss Schwartz, a damsel of 15, and a resident of Cole county, Missouri, upon being ordered by three guerrillas to open the door of her father's house, took a revolver and declared that none should enter except over her dead body, warning them off at the same time. Seeing her so determined, the robbers rode off. Gen. Brown has made this act of heroism the subject of a special and complimentary order, and Gov. Hall, on behalf of the loyal citizens of Missouri, has presented her with a splendid revolver, worth a hundred dollars.

—The remains of Gen. Nelson, who was shot by Gen. J. C. Davis, have been removed from Louisville, Ky., to Camp Dick Robinson, a favorite locality of the deceased soldier.

—If the accounts published by escaped and released prisoners of the going-on of the commander of Castle Thunder Prison are true, Mr. Lincoln ought to make reprisals. The Governor is a brute named Alexander, whom we trust will one of these days fall in our hands.

—It has been ascertained that the rebels obtained the ammunition with which they fought the battle of Antietam from H. Roper's Ferry, when Col. Ford surrendered it to them; and the ammunition for Gettysburg was left by Gen. Milroy, when he was obliged to evacuate Winchester.

—Brig.-Gen. Joseph W. Revere has been dismissed the service for various reasons.

—The fate of the surgeons of Berdan's Sharpshooters is an evidence of the daring exhibited by everybody in that organization.

Dr. Marshall, formerly surgeon of the First Regiment, was taken prisoner at Hanover Court-House while in discharge of his duties, and died from disease contracted while in attendance on his fellow prisoners at Richmond.

—Surgeon Brennan, his successor, is now dangerously ill from wounds received during the battle of Gettysburg.

Dr. A. C. Williams, surgeon of the Second Regiment, has just been discharged from the service on account of wounds received at Chancellorsville, where, in the very front of the battle, he won for himself the title of "the Fighting Doctor." In this organization it is required that all whose duties are in the front, including even surgeons and chaplains, shall be at their posts at whatever risk. It is the pride of the corps that no man of any position in it will avoid the post of danger when his place is there.

—The Delaware and Maryland Canal Company have contributed \$30,000 to facilitate enlistments.

—The following named cities and counties in New Jersey are giving bounties to volunteers:

Mercer.....	\$200	Newark.....	\$200
Mounmouth.....	200	Jersey City.....	200
Burling on.....	200	Hudson City.....	300
Sussex.....	200	Camden.....	50
Warren (reported).....	300	Paterford.....	300
C. Hudson (old reg'ts).....	50	Salem.....	300
Minden.....	50	New Brunswick.....	300

—The Legislature of Iowa has passed an act permitting soldiers in the field to vote for State candidates.

—Between 6,000 and 8,000 rebels, who have been confined in Camp Chase, are about to be transferred to Camp Douglas, Chicago.

—It is an old saying that one willing man is worth a dozen unwilling ones. This would seem to apply to the conscripts, for they take every opportunity of deserting. Many threaten to shoot their officers in the first battle, while others declare they will go over to the enemy. Although this would be jumping into the fire to get out of the fryingpan, there is no calculating on what men will do when laboring under a sense of wrong.

—The steamer Guide arrived at Boston on August 18th, from Newberne, N. C., 18th inst., having taken out conscripts (substitutes) for the Fifth Rhode Island

regiment. Three or four of the conscripts escaped from the boat by swimming ashore at Tarpsville Cove. On the last night of the passage out, Col. Sisson asserted that some of the conscripts had formed a plot to disarm the guard and take possession of the boat, he doubt the guards, and took more precautions. High prevented the anticipated attack. Quite a number of the men escaped from the train between Morehead City and Newberne; but most of these will be picked up by the troops in that neighborhood. The guard, which consisted of fifty men of the First Massachusetts heavy artillery, returned on the Guide.

—Gen. Sigel has been relieved from his duties in Pennsylvania, and has a staff mastered out of the service. It is also rumored that all of the unemployed volunteer Generals are to be mustered out of the service immediately.

—In order that the Army of the Potomac may be supplied with such necessities as are furnished by sutlers, and to guard against attack by Mosby's guerrillas, Gen. Meade has arranged for the sutlers to bank on a weekly train, which is to be guarded by a regiment of cavalry. No other mode of conveyance will be allowed to carry goods to the army.

—Gen. Meade has directed, in view of the services the troops may at any time be called upon to perform, that the wives of officers and soldiers be removed from within the lines of the army.

Naval.—The steamer called the Home, of about 300 tons burthen, has been fitted up as a retreat for the crews of the ironclad fleet near Charleston. She is formerly known as the Key-west. The berth-deck is beautifully fitted up with hooks to swing 20 hammocks. There are three large lockers; the vessel is in every arrangement a gem made to render it a most efficient tender to our navy. There can be no doubt it will save many lives.

—Gen. Sigel's indignation is felt by the gallant crew of the Harriet at the treatment they have met with since their arrival here, after 30 months' hard fighting in the Mississippi. They were dismissed without money and it was only on the 19th August that \$10 apiece was doled out to them. The N. Y. Herald of the 21st August says that many of these brave fellows were obliged to sleep in the markets for want of money, owing to the negligence of the Treasury Department.

—Three of the rebel pirate crew captured off Portland last month managed to escape from Fort Warren on the 4th August, and fled to a salubrious spot. They boldly put out to sea, to take their chance of escape. They were immediately pursued by the revenue cutter Dobbin, and finally captured after an exciting chase.

Personal.—Judge Joseph J. Lewis, Commissioner of the Internal Revenue, is at the St. Nicholas Hotel.

—Lord Clyde, better known as Sir Colin Campbell, is slowly dying in England, from the effects of atrophy, or gradual wasting away of strength and life.

—Jacob Barker, who must be now 99 years old, has just published a pamphlet of 65 pages, entitled, "The Ballot Box: the Palladium of our Liberties." It will be remembered that the Union military authorities suppressed his paper, the Advocate, some 5 months ago. Those who have read Jacob Barker's new pamphlet pronounce it full of sound Union Conservative feeling.

—The following letter contains the latest news of the great Italian patriot:

Capri, June 20, 1863.

"DEAR MURDOCK: I have not at this moment any leisure of mine, therefore it is impossible for me to please you for the time. My health is getting better every day, and I hope soon to see my wound completely healed. I anticipate my thanks for the coal oil which you promised to me. I will paint my fishing-boat with it as soon as I receive it. In your honor, oh, Capt. Fairweather. My respects to your wife, and for yourself accept a squeeze of the hand from,

"Yours from my heart,

"G. GARIBALDI."

—The widow of Runjeet Singh, the famous Chief of the Sikhs, died in London, lately. Her son, Maharajah Duleep Singh, the possessor of an immense fortune, and a highly educated man, is about to be married to an English lady. He lives now the life of an English gentleman, and is applying to be naturalized as a British subject, so as to become qualified to sit in the House of Commons. This would be truly a romance.

—Professor E. D. Sanborn, of St. Louis, is elected Professor of Oratory and Belles Lettres to Dartmouth College; and Professor Charles A. Young, of Hudson, Ohio, has been elected Professor of Mathematics. It will be seen that New Hampshire only regards the merit of her servants, and not their birthplace.

—Count Joannet, de Jones, has been indicted by the Grand Jury of Boston as a barrator, which means a malicious person—one who is always setting other people by the ears. It is a strange thing that the Bostonians will not let the Count enjoy his well-earned honors in peace. With the exception of Courier and Enquirer Webb, who is a Chevalier, and Jeff Davis' wife, who is called Lady Davis, Count Joannet is the only genuine American nobleman we have. As Dr. Mackenzie says, "We can't afford to have our peerage annihilated at a blow."

—Miss Sigourney, our venerable poetess, is now staying at the Sachem's Head. Her latest verses appeared in our paper for last week.

—The Toronto (Canada) Globe says that Thomas D'Arcy McGee got his information about the intended invasion of Canada by Northern troops from Clement L. Vallandigham.

—Mrs. Gen. John Morgan, "the Bandit's Bride," is the daughter of Hon. J. Ready, and was once the belle of Washington. Her sister is the well-known Mrs. Cheatham, of Nashville, now in prison for assisting the rebels. The Dayton Journal gives a very sensation account of Mrs. Morgan, who has only been married to the famous rebel rider within a few months. I say this when his fair bride wanted a silk dress, Gen. John Morgan made a raid; when she was out of shoes, No. 4, John sprang to his aid, and made one of her raids; if she wanted a pair of kids, John got up another raid, and so on until her wardrobe was completed. It is a pity our Government didn't send her Stewart's store, as it would have been a cheap way of sparing Kentucky and Indiana their late disasters in life and property.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean have sailed for Australia, to give a series of dramatic performances. Previous to his departure he rather ostentatiously announced his intention to read the Church Service every Sunday, but begged leave to decline performing funerals, marriages and christenings.

Obituary.—Little Crow, the chief of the Sioux Indians, who made himself so famous by his massacre last year in Minnesota, was shot by a farmer while the Indian was picking berries. This happened some time in July. Little Crow's son, a youth of 16, was with his father, and escaped, but was captured some days afterwards.

—Corporal Lewis H. Rutledge, of the New York artillery, died at Washington, on the 15th July, from injuries received while on his march to Frederick. He was aged 23, and a native of England. He was the soldier who, when compelled, in one of the battles of the Chick-hominy, to retreat from the battery, remained behind with Sergeant Gilbert and plied every gun before abandoning them to the enemy. Gen. McClellan, who observed the daring act, exclaimed: "There are the two bravest men in the army!" It was quite a wonder they escaped.

—The New Orleans Era announces the death, Aug. 5, of Dr. D. W. Wainwright, surgeon U. S. A., who died on board the ship Black Hawk, at that port, of typhoid fever, after an illness of ten days. His remains are to be sent North.

—Col. B. L. Bell, of the regular army, died in Baltimore, on Aug. 12, at his residence in McCallough street, after five months' illness, from old age and an

enfeebled constitution, caused by hard service. He was the oldest cavalry Colonel in the service, having been through the Florida and Mexican wars, and was twice breveted for gallant services. He built all the forts from the western border of Texas to the Pacific, and was in command as General in California after its annexation to the United States. He served two years at Vancouver's Island, and after the rebellion broke out was ordered to Baltimore and acted as mustering officer. Subsequently he was placed on the retired list, in consequence of old age and enfeebled health. He died aged 63 years, leaving a wife and several sons, some of whom are in the Federal and one in the rebel army. He also leaves several daughters.

—Professor Jos. S. Hubbard, U. S. N., died at New Haven, lately. He was son of the late S. S. Hubbard, of the New Haven Bank. He was equally esteemed for his astronomical learning and for his blameless manners.

Accidents and Offences.—Wm. C. Hamp ton, the noted house thief who so dexterously effected his escape from Sing-Sing prison on the 14th August, and was taken between Haverstraw and Rockland, but who again got away from the officer in charge of him, was recaptured on Monday following together with his accomplices. They were arrested by the doorman and a guard, near Mallett Station, on the New York and Erie Railroad, and safely lodged in Sing-Sing.

—Buckland & Co.'s papermill at Peconock, Conn., was destroyed by fire on Sunday morning, at about 4 o'clock. The destruction was total, both as to mill and contents. The loss amounts to from \$20,000 to \$25,000, of which \$15,000 is covered by insurance in Providence and elsewhere. The origin of the fire is unknown.

—On the 8th August Tattersall's stables, corner Sixth Avenue and 6th street, were totally destroyed by fire, and 22 horses burnt.

—The police have arrested the principal in the \$14,000 robbery on the cars. He turns out to be the well-known malefactor Deaf Nod.

—Hurst's shoddy manufactory at C. Hoes, a village near Troy, N. Y., was destroyed Aug. 12th, and many lives were lost. The mill, which is situated at the foot of the Strong Mill Hill, was a large four-story brick building. It gave employment to about 4 persons. The employees were mostly all females. The females were nearly all engaged in the fourth story, and there being but one entrance all escape was cut off. They retreated to the roof, shrieking and calling for assistance. Large numbers jumped from the windows and roof, only to meet instant death on the sidewalk.

—W. H. Webster, of Albany, has been arrested for indulging in a very ingenious method of riding the wind. He advertised that he had counterfeited the greenbacks so admirably that he passed without suspicion. He invited his victims to send him 30 cents, for which he would forward them a specimen counterfeit. In return for the 30 cents he retained a genuine bill. They naturally caught at the bait, and sent from \$10 to \$30 for more of such excellent counterfeit. Webster, of course, having made a profitable investment of his dollar, took no notice of the second communication. As the victims were engaged in an illegal transaction, it is doubtful whether the rogue can be punished.

Foreign.—Official returns show that the India European population is very small. Exclusive of the army and the wives and children of soldiers, it would not fill a thriving English town. At the census of 1861 the British-born in all India were 81,063 officers and men of the army, 22,556 civilians, and 19,306 women and girls. A certain number of soldiers marry Indian wives; and the children of the races known as Eurasians or half-castes amount to a considerable number. At the census of 1857 they exceeded the English in Calcutta.

—At the late audience given to the New Zealand Chiefs at Osborne, the Queen was informed that the wife of Pomare was in an "interesting condition." Her Majesty expressed herself pleased at the prospect of the birth of a New Zealand child of distinction in England, and requested to be informed when the event was near, and one would see that proper attention should be paid to the lady; and, further, should the child prove to be a female, her Majesty would be pleased to have it named Victoria, or if a male, Albert; and the Queen also signified her wish to stand "godmother to the British-born New Zealander." The distinguished natives felt themselves overwhelmed with favors, and fairly cried with joy.

—Punch has discovered the reason why Vice-President Schuyler wanted to pay a visit to Washington lately. It was to dye his moustaches, as he did not think the last ditch the proper place to die in.

—The Pope was highly in favor of the Archduke Maximilian accepting the Mexican throne, as it would re-establish the authority of the Church in that benighted land.

—Drop by drop we learn something about Miss Braddon. One of those cormorants called publishers, who roost on the tree of knowledge, has become bankrupt. He attributes his failure to publishing a novel by Miss Braddon, some seven years ago, called "Three Times Dead," which must be one-third the killing of a cat, perhaps a kitten. She was then an actress at the Hull Theatre, and performed under the name of Jane Seton. The Solomon of the Beach, Judge Rains, actually said that the bankrupt cormorant had a claim upon the authoress because her novel did not make his fortune.

—Kissengen, the famous Bavarian watering-place, is much patronized this summer. The Empress of Austria attributes her complete restoration to health to the beneficial effects of the waters. Ex-King Louis and the reigning King Max are constant visitors, and the Russian nobility also make this a favorite resort. The Emperor of Austria is expected. So much for the gossip of an apocryphal locality.

—The Queen of England is in Germany, on a visit to Prince Albert's birthplace.

Chit-Chat.—The New York Times copies into its solemn columns the following letter, which it really thinks genuine. It is a weak invention of the merry Punch:

"Windsor Castle, Aug. 1, 1863.

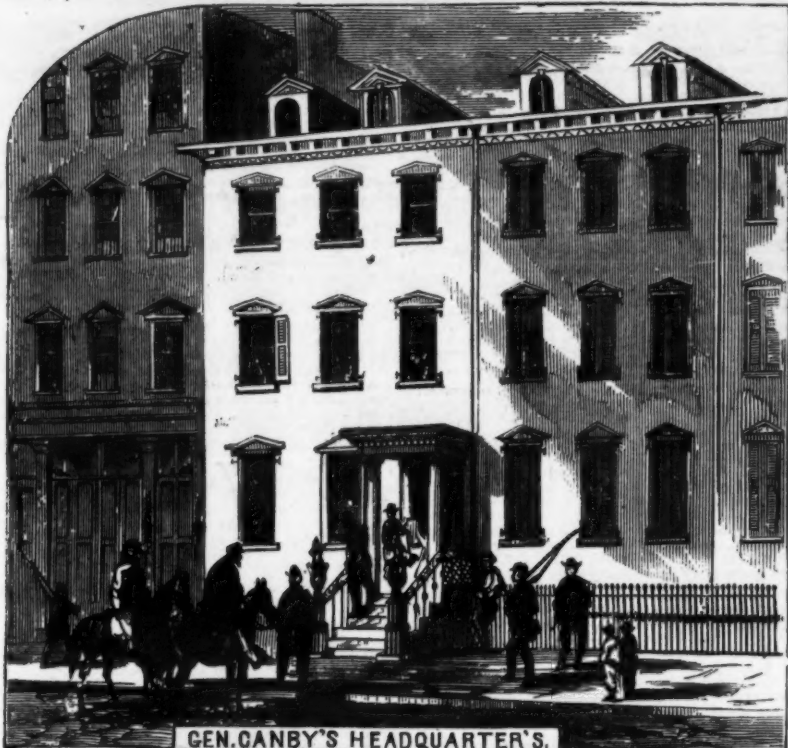
"LADIES.—The Queen has commanded me to express the pain with which her Majesty reads the account of daily accidents, arising from the wearing of the indelicate, expensive, dangerous and hideous article called corset. Her Majesty cannot refrain from making known to you her extreme displeasure that educated women should, by example, encourage the wearing of a dress which can be pleasing only to demoralized taste. For the miserable idiots who abjectly copy the habits of those conventionally termed their betters, it is impossible to exert any thing but pity. But to the ladies of England this appeal to abandon the present degrading, dangerous and disgusting fashion is made in the belief that they will show themselves the rational and decorous persons whom they are supposed to be. I have the honor to be, ladies, Your most obedient and humble servant,

"C. B. PHIPPS."

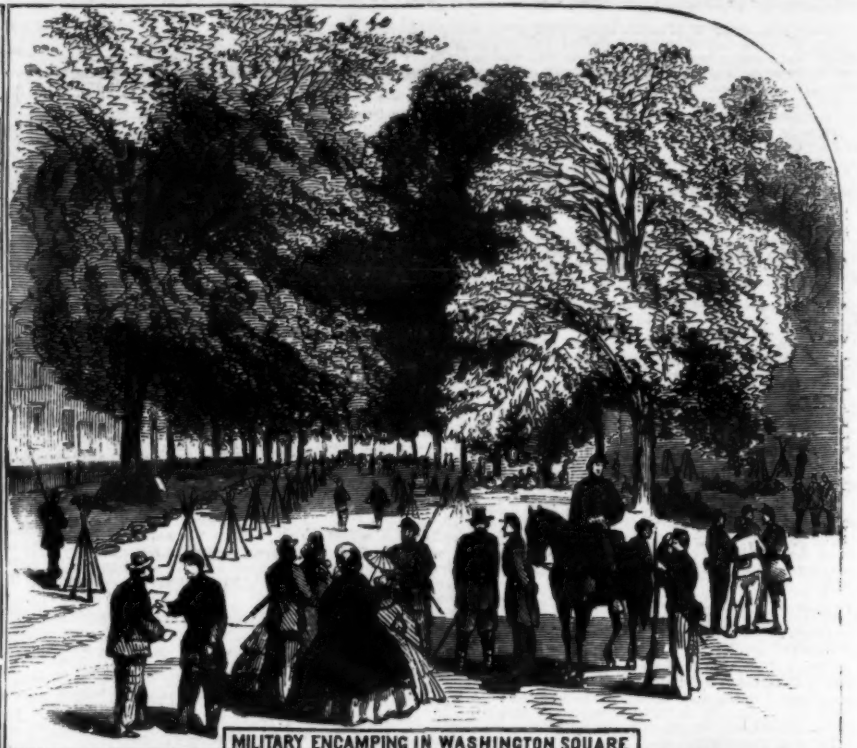
—Fashionable inconsistency.—During our Springs the elite long for summer, because in Summer they can go back to the Springs.

—Charles Lamb quaintly said: "One cannot bear to pay for articles he used to get for nothing. When Adam laid out his first penny upon nonpareils at some stall in Mesopotamia, I think it went hard with him, reflecting upon his goodly orchard, where he had so many for nothing."

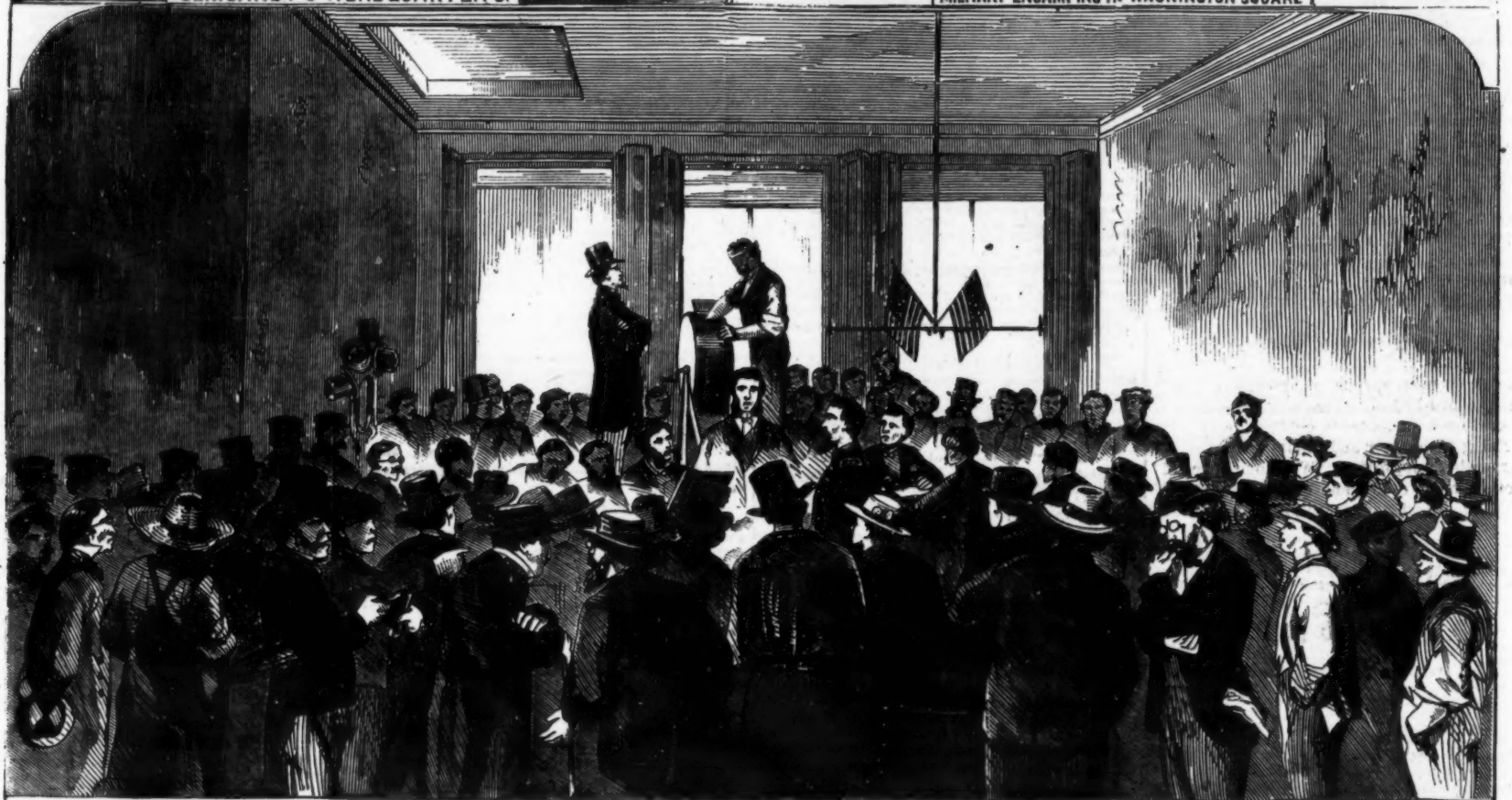
—In Lay Mogan's Memoirs a story is told of a gentleman who announced a certain bishop, and concluded a violent philippic by declaring that his lordship was so heretical in church observances that he would eat a horse on Ash Wednesday. "Of course he would," said a friend of the bishop, "if it was a fast horse."



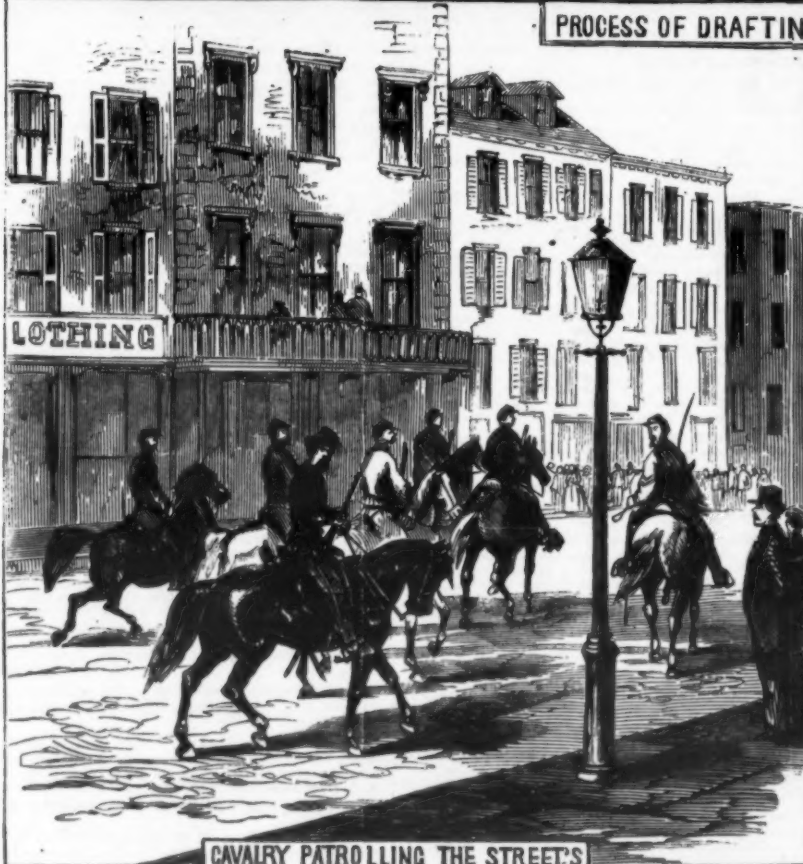
GEN. CANBY'S HEADQUARTER'S.



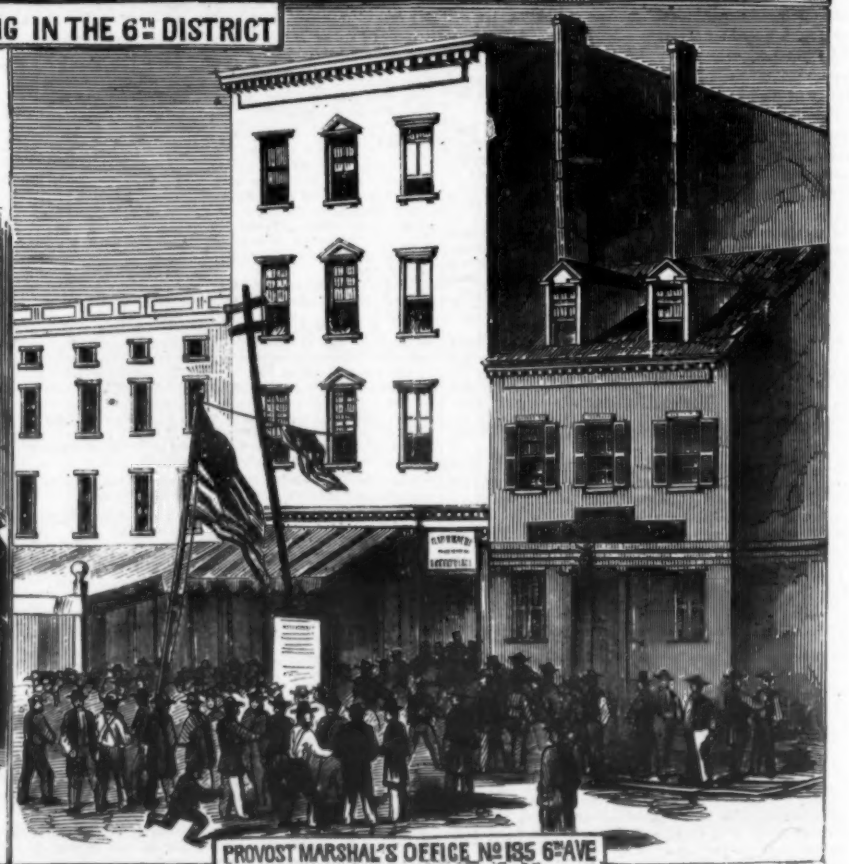
MILITARY ENCAMPING IN WASHINGTON SQUARE



PROCESS OF DRAFTING IN THE 6TH DISTRICT



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THE DRAFT-SCENES IN NEW YORK, AUGUST 19, DURING THE DRAFTING 'IN THE SIXTH DISTRICT.



CALLING THE CHILDREN.

BY JENNIE K. GRIFFITH.

CALLING them "Freddy," and "John," and "Paul!"

As only a mother her children can call; Musical cadences all through her speech, That a love so tender alone can teach. Something so loving, and lingering too, In the "John," and "Freddy," and "Paul," come do.

As bidding them to her for dinner or rest, Each one is gathered in turn to her breast.

Then looking them over, as divers do pearls, Smoothing one's cheeks and another one's curls,

Taking the brown, solled hands in her own, A whip out of this palm, from that one a stone.

Drawing from pockets of corpulent girth, With outward remonstrance, with inward mirth,

Potatoes for popguns—a bottle of flies— Twine, balls and whistles, and two dirt pies.

Redeemed from the soil of the street, and anew

Clothed in fresh aprons, and trousers too; Tangles brushed out of the silken floss, That rings and ripples in golden gloss; Striving with eager and innocent heed For mother's approving "Well done, indeed!" Mother, and Freddy, and Paul, and John, Make the sweetest picture to look upon.

PRIZE STORY No. 27.

A SECRET.

By Geo. W. Henry, Jun.

INTRODUCTION.

CAN you keep a secret?

If I "a tale unfold," which holds a secret, will you not immediately go and impart it to your very dear friend, who will surely not repeat it to another very dear friend?

"Oh, of course not!" "Oh, never speak of it again, for your sake!"

But who will, notwithstanding saying this, retail it out to one or two very intimate friends, and so spread it until dear Mrs. Grundy hears of it all, and the secret is mine no more.

The secret is "A Secret" no more.

I seem to hear a sweet, gentle, "still small voice" of fair reader say:

"Oh, I will never whisper it to mortal. Do tell me. I am curious to hear about your secret!"

But it is not my secret, dear lady; but the other man's, even Abijah's.

As you promise so well to keep the secret—secret, I will trust it, in the story following, to your keeping. You will not let Mrs. Grundy get it? She is a dear old lady, but she cannot keep a secret.

CHAPTER I.—IN WHICH IT IS MADE MANIFEST THERE WAS A SECRET.

It was near the "witching hour of night," when Messieurs Ghosts and Co., the tiny fairies and their fellow-citizens come out to have a good time, take a breath of air, even if it is midnight air, and look about to see and hear what their mortal friends of Earth are saying and doing.

Those mystical, ethereal, spiritual forms, it is said, used to come and thus visit the haunts of men, make circles, have dances, appear unto and frighten timorous folk, and do other extraordinary things. Nowadays, or nowanights, they, I suppose, invisibly appear.

However it may be, about the said witching hour, that is 11 45 P.M., mine host of the White Swan was awakened from a semi-sleep by the coach rattling up to the door and the entrance of travellers into the hotel of the village of Buzzardville.

The guests were two ladies in mourning, and a gentleman, not in mourning, either in his dress or manners, judging him outwardly.

Mine host was an energetic, lively little man; round-faced, round, rosy cheeks, round body and round limbs, round everyway, even to his hair, which formed in two round masses brushed up

from the back, and gathered over a large bald surface above his forehead in one round knot. I said "little man," but he was not; short and stout he was, and his ball-like appearance made him seem smaller than the reality; aged sixty-two; weight, one hundred and seventy-six; name, Michael Trotter, known in all that region round about as Mike of the Swan.

But while we have been discussing him he has been hospitably looking after the new arrivals, making them comfortable and welcome.

The gentleman traveller entered in the hotel register the ladies' names, then his own with a flourish, such a flourish as to cause it to be necessary to mend the pen (a quill) before it could be serviceable again.

The signatures were: Mrs. Anna Winchester, Miss Mary Winchester and Clement Flint, Esq., and the flourish, all from Boston!

They were very weary, travel-dusty and sleep-inclined, after a lengthy journey in railcar and stagecoach. Therefore, after partaking of a hastily prepared refreshment they retired, the ladies to an apartment on the second floor, Clement Flint, Esq., solicitor, to one a story higher.

The stagecoach is put up for the night, the horses, refreshed with something in their line, are stabled. The shutters are closed. All is very quiet.

"No—bod—y—more—will—come," said Mr. Trotter, mine host, to Mr. Samuel Ogle, the stage-driver, who had, as he frequently remarked, "been a driver, man and boy, thirty years."

This gentleman was one of the solid, white-bloused in summer, greatcoated in winter, good-natured, hearty drivers, master of the whip, reins and horses, almost always pleasant and talkative with outside passengers, who were inclined for conversation and a smoke with him.

"No—bod—y—more—will—come, Sam—uel. And so—we may—as well have—a—talk, while we—smoke, and—drink—the best brewed—I—have had these—many a year."

Mr. Trotter was slow in speech, on account of the internal fat in his throat stopping his breath, and causing him to pause or gasp between each word.

"I'm agreeable, Mike," said Mr. Ogle. "It is just so; it doesn't do to go right off to bed after driving a coach five-and-twenty miles."

Mr. Ogle took some beer, remarking:

"That's good! That is a drink as is a drink! I'll take another!"

Then he handed over the empty pewter-mug to be replenished.

"I've—a queer—custom—er—here. Came to-day—Sam—uel. A—ver—y—queer—man—in—deed."

"Ah, Mike! What's his name? Who is he? What does he do?"

"See, here—it—is. Your eyes—are—bet—ter—than—mine. Getting—old—Sam—uel—does—not improve—out's—sight."

"Well, sir, I'm a young man yet, and can see as far as any other body can. Let me have the book."

Mr. Ogle could talk fast enough and see clearly enough; but as to spelling, writing or reading he was rather slow. Therefore, when reading, he always had to spell, letter by letter, syllable by syllable, aloud, and on this occasion he did so in a rough tone, somewhat in this manner:

"A—b, Ab—i, Abi—j—ah, Abijah! Whew! C—r—ane, Crane; Abijah Crane. That's a Scripser name, isn't it?"

"Yes—the Christian—part—is—but—the—bird—or—crooked—pipe—part's—doubt—ful—to—my—mind. Where—he comes—from—he—didn't—put—down."

"No, only his name, I see. But, sir, what's so queer about him?"

"Oh—ever—y—thing—ever—y—thing—Sam—uel. He's queer—look—ing—dress—es—queer; talks—queer; acts—queer. He's—a—strange—

stranger—al—to—gether. I—and—the—maid—can't—make—him—out—at—all."

"What do you call queer?" inquired Mr. Ogle, this description not being clear enough to his understanding or satisfying his curiosity, for he was a native Down-Easter, and he always "wanted to know."

"Well—one—thing—was—he—hadn't—any—appetite; would—only—take—toast—and—tea—when—he—came; only—tea—and—toast—for—his—dinner; and—toast—and—tea—for—tea. Ask—him—a—ques—tion—he—would—ask—you—Did—you—say—any—thing—sir? Then—he—would—go—out—and—walk—yonder—in—the—field—up—and—down—down—and—up—nigh—all—morning. Then—in—pas—sing—his—room—this—night—I—found—he—was—out; and—I—don't—know—if—he—will—re—turn—to—night—or—not. And—the—maid—says, all—she—could—hear—him—say; for—he—talked—to—himself—when—he—paced—back—and—forth—in—his—room; 'I've—the—se—cret! I'll—keep—it—se—cret! No—one—shall—know—the—se—cret!'"

"A secret, Mike!" exclaimed Mr. Ogle. "We must know it, too, eh? Mike, dear old fellow, we must get it from him, eh?"

Mr. Ogle followed or impressed these remarks by a friendly slap on the broad, round shoulder of mine host of the Swan.

"Yes—Sam—uel; we—must—contrive—to—know—this—man's—se—cret. He—is—not—good. No—man—can—be—a—good—man—with—a—se—cret. 'Em's—my—o—pinions."

"Then let us share it with him, and so do a benevolent action. For when he divides it out to others he is relieved of the badness of it, you know, and a secret it will be no more."

"Never—more—it—will—be, if—you—get—it—my—sharp—Sam—uel. But—let's—go—to—bed. He—can—come—in—him—self—if—he—returns—to—night."

"Yes, Abijah can. Now you look sharp after him to-morrow, Mike. Good-night."

"Good—night—Sam—uel—O—gal."

Then the tall, lean, bony, solid, when in blouse or overcoat stout-looking driver, with a nightlamp in hand, made his exit for a remote room, roofward. Michael Trotter took a tour around to see all was right, leaving, as was customary, the outer-door unfastened, and then, lowering the bar-room flame to a dim speck, he, also with a nightlamp in hand, disappeared within a chamber on the same floor, so as to be handy if any one came in the night.

All is quiet within the White Swan, and the witching hour is past and the wee sma' hours towards the dawn are following. One there is who is not at rest, who does not sleep as yet.

About a mile southward from the hotel the beautiful lake Cayuga was sleeping tranquilly in the silver moonlight, and the waters, as a light air breathed over them, musically rippled in their way. On either bank were shrubbery and trees, and along one side wound a footpath and fine carriage drive.

The fields of grain and so forth of the farms on the rising grounds adjoining each side of the lake, with here and there a woodland; here and there a meadow, green; and interspersed here and there the white, green-shuttered, pretty cottages and brown barns and outhouses; and here and there stacks of hay, formed a beautiful scene indeed, bathed in moonbeams, there, on that fair, warm summer night, and on towards the morn.

A figure sat on the fallen trunk of a once mighty tree, seemingly intently looking upon the lake. Now and then this figure or man, for man it was, would rise up and walk slowly up and down, his arms behind him, his hands closely locked within each other.

On one of these trips he took some papers from the breast-pocket of his coat, looked over them, placed them back again all safely, as he thought. One paper fell, however, and was hidden in a hollow formed by some stones piled there.

The man was Abijah Crane. The paper, enveloped, contained—A Secret.

CHAPTER II.—IN WHICH TWO LOVERS, MARY AND ARTHUR, HAVE A TALK, JUST AS IF THERE WAS NO SECRET.

THE next morning was clear, warm and bright, giving a fair promise of raising the mercury towards the nineties by noon.

Most of the guests of the White Swan were up and out early. Of the ladies, the Winchesters, and of the gentlemen, Mr. Abijah Crane, remained invisible until summoned to breakfast. The latter was making up for his late hours walking by the lake. Clement Flint, Esq., was basking in the sun, a short distance up the road, in company and conversing with three other of the White Swan's patrons.

At the morning meal, as around the board they were seated, more than one noticed that Mr. Crane seemed to desire to be unknown, to remain silent, and acting somewhat as if he was hiding or did not at least wish to be observed. He would lean forward over the table, avert his face from the others, stroke his black whiskers, and thus keep his hand mostly over half his face. He had heavy full black whiskers and moustache, the latter each way ending sharply to a hair. Whether these hair ornaments grew there or not is not for me to say at present.

Mrs. and Miss Winchester thought they recognised him. But at the conclusion of the repast



Wild Bessie finds a Secret.

they left the table, quite uncertain who he was, or if they knew or had known him or not, and very speedily forgot him.

Mr. Mike Trotter, however, watched him closely, and came to the conclusion the same as yesterday.

"He's—a—queer—cus—tomer—sure—enough."

Mr. Ogle also noticed Mr. Crane closely, and wanted to know, but did not get to know, before his time was up to start with his coach to the village of M— and the railroad station, twenty and odd miles eastward.

Meantime Abijah Crane was well aware who two of the lady guests were, where from, their names, and their intentions partly of coming thither. These were the Winchesters. He did not wish them to recognise him. They had had a pretty farm purchased for them about two miles from the village, and half a mile from the outlet of Cayuga lake, and a very beautiful cottage home thereon, with furniture and all needful appliances for ease, comfort and even luxury prepared by the agents for them. They this very day intended visiting and duly taking possession of. And Mrs. Dobson, the housekeeper there in charge, neatly arrayed for the occasion, was anxiously waiting to welcome them and marvelling at their delay; for she understood they had expected to be there the day before, but for some reason unknown the train had been detained so that they had arrived late at night. Whereupon Mr. Flint offering his advice to do so, they concluded to stop at the White Swan hotel until morning.

Mr. Abijah Crane, after breakfast, returned to his room, to pace to and fro, and whisper unto himself,

"I have the secret all safe—hidden to a certainty. Now they are here, I should let them have it. I should not be burdened with the horror any longer. Several years this thing has worried me. No one shall know it. I'll tell no one. I should—I must tell her—and then! No, I will not tell even her. Oh! I have a secret! A serpent! It stings me!"

He walked across the room; locked and bolted the door; sat down by the table; took out his bundle of papers; began to examine them carefully. Suddenly he started up; overturned the chair table in his haste, and exclaimed,

"My goodness! 'Tis gone! It's lost! I'm lost!"

Sure enough it was gone—down by the lake, amid the pile of stones.

Abijah Crane hearing steps approaching, brought thither by the noise of the tumbled furniture, hastily gathered up his papers, placed them in his pocket—sure of them this time; put hat on head front side back in his hurry, and in his flight down stairs frightened Sally, the maid; also a lady boarder on the opposite side of the passage, who had appeared to learn the cause of the racket. And from the lower steps Abijah nearly upset mine host and much astonished that person as he passed him, in his rapid exit from the room and the house.

His searches near the lake, and everywhere he could remember having been on the previous day and night, were unavailing.

The missing envelope containing his papers was missing still.

His trouble amounted to agony.

We will leave him at his search, and follow the Winchesters to their new home.

Mrs. Dobson pleasantly welcomed them home.



The Auld Lang Syne Courtship renewed.

Then they made a journey throughout the house, gardens and grounds, and felt very glad, and very thankful for all these pretty, cozy, comfort-suggestive possessions.

Then the ladies had repaired to their rooms, to toiletize. Mr. Flint of the flourishing propensity, had been in the cornfields; among the potatoes, cabbages, etc.; visited the orchard, and made acquaintance with all the farm hands, all in a brief space of time.

The ladies had just descended to the nicely furnished parlor. Clement Flint, Esq., had just returned, and had commenced an account of his half hour or so's view of the farm, when visitors—"morning callers," were duly announced, being the first of the townspeople come to welcome our friends to Buzzardville, to their heart's affections, and so forth.

Of these, we will select one for particular mention and introduction. The others were of the usual variety of female—married and single—of certain and uncertain ages; also a few gentlemen, mostly elderly, all meeting for the laudable expressed desire of well-wishes to the Winchesters, beginning and continuing of friendship. And with the perhaps not so laudable unexpressed desire to add somewhat to their fund of gossip. And some were there to ease their aching curiosity with which they were subject to attack upon the arrival of all newcomers.

Passing the we will follow Miss Mary Winchester, who left her mother and the solicitor to entertain the company and in company with a fine-looking gentleman entered the garden.

They walked side by side, and in low tones conversed upon a very pleasant theme, evidently, judging by their smiles and the bright sparkle of their eyes. The words each spoke, each heard. A third party could not hear them; so I, being said third, cannot more report their conversation.

The gentleman was named Arthur Harrington, age twenty-three, who for sometime had been a thriving merchant in the village of Buzzardville. He was a Bostonian by birth, and had resided in that city through infancy, boy days, school-life, and, until his education—college and mercantile—was completed. Then when about commencing business for himself, he had, upon the advice of friends, backed by his own inclination to do so, resolved to thus commence in some comparatively new place, and had, as has been seen, finally decided to settle in Buzzardville.

He was a good man, a gentleman, a thorough business man, and so far has been very successful, and has been well patronized by the Buzzardvillites. He was tall finely formed in fair proportions; of a clear, beautiful complexion; plenty of dark, almost black hair, inclined to curl; neatly trimmed side-whiskers; brilliant, deep, dark, changeable color eyes; a happy expression always—he was, to use a modern phrase, "a love of a man." And certainly Arthur Harrington was one any gentleman might be proud and glad to call her son, any gentleman might be proud and glad to have for lover—to have all her own—her husband.

Miss Mary Winchester was a loving and an entirely lovable young lady, and at this period aged nineteen. Lively, pretty, blue-eyed, fair-light curling hair, very neat and tasty in dress, a bell-toned voice, and just the merriest laugh. She may be described in two lines of Mrs. Osgood's poem:

"For she was very beautiful,
Bewildering and bright."

She was fond of home and home occupations and amusements. She detested gossip and gossipers, and Buzzardville had more than its share of the latter, and from these Mary ran away as soon as with propriety she could do so, upon every occasion, when in such company.

Reading, water-color sketching, crocheting, knitting, and all varieties of sewing, were her favorite employments and amusements indoors; and gardening, attending her bees and birds, out of doors. She liked study; delighted in wise, sensible instructive conversation; preferred to listen when such was taking place. She was not a blue nor a fiery young lady for all that, nor did she care to always be sedate, or talk wisely, or listen to wise words from lips of sage, but could, as hinted above, laugh gaily, also dance bewitchingly, gracefully and lightly; could thrillingly perform on the piano, and in a sentence or two, I may say, that being a good, kind, dutiful daughter, was of course a loving, faithful, true lady-love to Arthur Harrington—her lover.

Their little heart affair had begun at her home in Boston. Had been continued during a temporary sojourn in New York city, revived and kept in a glow at Newport one season, at Saratoga and Lake George another season; and during the two years just passed in which they had not met, been kept alive by the magic galvanism of epistolary love-correspondence.

Two years apart! A long time, my friend, for lovers to remain asunder. So to your knowledge of such matters, or to your imagination, I leave their conversation and conduct towards or with each other, as side by side they walked or sat in that very suitable for the purpose, beautiful vine-covered arbor in the shady side of the garden. Alone! All in all to each other. Their past a bright picture scarce y glanced at. Their future radiant with happiness, love and hope. Little, very little indeed cared they just then for other people, or whether the rumor they had heard that morning was true or the reverse, that the strange traveler stopping at the White Swan hotel had had a secret which was lost, in which secret she, Mary Winchester, was deeply though heretofore unconsciously interested.

They, too, had a secret also, better far than his, they thought.

They loved each other very dearly.

CHAPTER III.—IN WHICH A MATTER TRANSPIRES MAKING THE SECRET MORE SECRET THAN BEFORE.

EVERY city, town, village or small collection of houses and their inhabitants, have among them at least one wild or foolish, half or whole crazed person.

To this Buzzardville was no exception; thereby had a crazy man, a foolish, half-witted woman, and a running wild little girl.

With the latter this history will have somewhat to do. She was small, aged about nine years; was supposed to be an orphan, and in a hut, with an old man and a very old woman, she resided.

In a clearing in the midst of an extensive woodland this hut was situated, and here these three, in a certain degree of happiness, lived together. He was "grandpa," she was "granny," to little Bessie. The feeble, more than fourscore old man had befriended the wild girl some years before, and she grew up in the belief that he was her grandfather. When he first came to this place he had found the old lady inhabiting the hut, and he had bargained for a corner therein for himself, so he boarded and lodged with granny, the ancient "she" would never live to see her eighty-seventh year. Why? Because she was already ninety-one. These people lived on charity—very kind the villagers were to them; affording them many comforts in food, clothing, and so on—and the old lady, doted, falling away but a hut in the consumption, I may say—rent free.

Some of the kind ladies had made efforts in behalf of Bessie, but so far she proved quite untamable. There was intelligence; there was a warm, cozy, loving look in her heart; there was a felicitous, an unformed desire, often arising. And really little wild Bessie was a diamond in the rough. Who will seek it? Who will polish it? Who find her goodness and make her ready to develop into a beautiful, glorious and lovely woman?

Bessie had beautiful dark brown hair and eyes, the hair falling in full long ringled mostly curls. The eyes large, round, full, deep, warm, brilliant, even alive with gleam. Full rosy cheeks and ripe red lips—a beautiful face altogether—but a face really in those wild days never seen, for a medium of dirt intervened. Bessie's face, arms, hands, feet, sadly wanted washing.

She did not know that—did not feel inconvenienced—did not care. She was full of life and frolic—full of mirth and mischief. A small amount of good appeared, mingling with a great amount of evil. She was not to blame for that; but so her destiny, seemingly ill for her, was marked out. The company she had had so far to keep—for six years or so—was very much the reverse of good. Therefore, at nine years old, or thereabouts, she was wild, ignorant, apparently untamable, and was known as Little Wild Bessie of the Wood.

The part of the morning that Abijah Crane had missed his papers and the Winchesters were on their way from the White Swan to their new home, Bessie was out with her basket swinging on her prettily formed but exceedingly solid arm. Her dress, given to her a week before, hanging half on, half off her form; the hooks and eyes having become scattered days ago, and the skirt here and there was already "tattered and torn." For this little body did not go very daintily stepping along, and missing branches, briars and thorns, but on she went impetuously, mostly on the run, sometimes seeming to fly. If anything caught in anything, a pause, a jerk, and away like the wind, and singing gaily.

Thus that morning from dawn she had been here and there through the woods, along by the lake and along the main street of the village, and back again to the banks of Cayuga lake. Growing weary, which even Bessie did sometimes, she stopped near to and soon sat upon a large stone near by the pile of stones amid which a secret had fallen and hidden.

Looking about her, Bessie, after a while, saw something white over there, different in appearance from the chips, pebbles and acorns, etcetera, she usually gathered. So my little maiden stepped over, reached down to the inner side of the stone pile, and drew forth the envelope. Long and steadfastly she gazed at it wonderingly.

"Somebody's lost that," was her wise conclusion. "I'll keep it in my box, I guess. Won't it be fun. Somebody'll be looking for it. Won't she?" A little astray as to the sex of the owner was Bessie. "I'll find out if it's a boy, if it's worth anything. Anyhow, I'll keep it ever and ever so long. Well, I don't know about it, though. I mustn't tell granny or grandpa, or anybody, about it. No, I won't. I'll hide it safe away in my box in the corner of the closet."

Arriving at this conclusion Bessie picked up her tattered sunbunnet and basket, placed the envelope, unopened, in the bosom of her dress, and hastened to her hut-home, and there secreted the secret of Abijah Crane.

A few minutes after Bessie vacated her seat on the stone Mr. Crane hurriedly arrived thereat, and paced up and down, rubbing his hands together nervously, looking and unlooking them, now and then running his fingers through his hair, panting, perspiring and swearing, as Dominie Sampson would say, "pr-digiously."

"It's gone—gone! It's gone! gone! gone! and all's over with you, sir! Certainly, that paper—the very important paper is lost, vanished—where? So I must go back to Boston and do all that work over again. I'm afraid, oh, I know I'll not have sufficient courage to go all over it again; but I must, I must. I'll be firm—but stay—let me look again. 'Try, try again,' says the song. I'll search once more."

Abijah Crane did seek, and of course, in vain. So he, in a gloomy mood, indeed, returned to the hotel.

Mine host, the round, good hearted, jolly Mike Trotter, was somewhat surprised with the request for "my bill, sir, please," made by Mr. Crane,

whom he expected to have had as guest a fortnight, at least, which surprise was heightened by his additional request to be supplied with a private conveyance and driver immediately to take him to the railroad station, as he desired to reach Boston as soon as possible.

But that which puzzled Mr. Trotter mostly was the absence from the face of his late guest of part of its hairy adornment. After Mr. Crane had settled his bill, and made his final exit from the White Swan, Mr. Trotter, to a customer, whom he called Ben, said:

"Ben, what's—be—come—of that—ver-y—queer—cus-tomer's—whisker—as—was—on—his right cheek?"

"Why, is it off?"

"Clean—shaved—Ben—clean—gone—and the—other—still—there—black—ferce—and—bushy—as ever."

"Indeed! Is the moustache there yet, Mike?"

"Yes—but—but the twists—re—out of—the ends. His shirt-collar—was all—a-wry—too; and ver-y—queer—be was—and—be—and right—glad I—am—his gone; for—I—think—there's—some—thing—wrong—here—some—thing—wrong—here!"

And Mr. Mike Trotter significantly touched his forehead, with his forefinger at each expression of the word "here."

"I didn't see much of the chap; but what I did see wasn't much in his favor—a hard-lookin' sort of man—and I thought him curious enough; an abstracted sort of being; like a fish out of water—restless—not at home—can't stay sort—eh?"

"Yes—Ben—or—a convict—out—of—jail," slowly remark'd mine host.

"Or, a fellow going to be convicted, and to be sent to that pleasant habitation for him and his fellow citizens of his quality."

"Yes—well—Ben—no—matter—he's gone—peace—to his—what, Ben?"

"Hushes—perhaps."

Then their conversation on that occasion eddied into other themes, not the least relative to our story.

In the third car of the train, on the rail going swiftly towards the city of Boston, the queer customer, Abijah Crane, as he leaned back in his seat and stretched his long limbs beneath the seat adjoining, had whiskers on neither cheek, and no moustache at all; but his eyes were hidden behind a pair of steel-rimmed blue glass spectacles.

Quite a change this made in Mr. Abijah Crane! Ten years younger and five degrees handsomer he looked then and there than he did when at the celebrated and flourishing village of Buzzardville.

On the maps, atlases, and such like fancy articles, prepared by geographers, the above village, near by Cayuga lake, is set down with a different name. The name they give it does not in the least resemble the title I've given to that worthy town in these pages, in which said pages appears the true record of a secret—being brought unto, lost at found, hidden, and found again—at that place.

Abijah Crane, whiskerless, moustacheless, safely reached his home and place of business.

CHAPTER IV.—IN WHICH MR. FLINT MAKES A GOOD INVESTMENT.

The next morning Clement Flint, Esq., arose early, took a bath and a shave, and shortly after breakfast sat down beside the table in his room to indulge in two pleasant things: a smoke and a reverie.

Upon the entrance of Miss Sally, the maid of the Swan, with dustbrush and dustrag in her hands, into the room, Mr. Flint thought it time for him to step out and promenade.

"Sally, my fine girl," said he, "do you know that stranger's name who left here yesterday, or anything about him?"

"No, sir, I don't, and more'n that I don't want to know anything about him. His name, sir, you can find in the book downstairs. He's a crazy man I'm sure."

"Yes, I will look in the book when I go down. Did he do anything violent or very strange, Sally?"

"La, sir, I should just think he did, trotting about his room, upsetting this chair and that table, nearly setting the bed afire with the lamp—for he'd sit in bed reading and 'riting and holding the lamp by one finger, Joe says—and if you spoke to him, he'd only stare at you, and say never a word."

"Something rests on his mind, Sally; some trouble or his sins."

"Yes, sir, perhaps so. I'm cheery that he's away."

"Thank you, Sally, for your information."

"Welcome, sir, but is that all, sir, you wish to ask? I must be about my duster."

"No, not quite all; I wished to know where a certain lady resides. I think somewhere in or near Buzzardville."

"A lady! ah! what name, sir?"

"Miss Cynthia Smith. Do you know her abode?"

"Want to know, sir, if you're after her now?"

"Well as to that, Sally, I think not—I am acquainted with and would like to see her."

"She resides over there," said Sally, pointing out the window at a cottage with her forefinger. "It's about a mile and a quarter from here; do you see it, sir? A white house, green shutters, trees each side and beyond, and that palin; this side, that's around the garden; a sweet, beautiful garden it is too."

"Thanks again, Sally, you are a real nice, sociable young woman; I hope you will get a good husband some day. Here, Sally, is a trifle to remember me by."

"Oh, sir you make me blush—thank you, sir—thank you kindly."

"I'll walk over and make a morning call on Miss Smith. Sally, good-bye."

"Good-bye, sir; a nice lady is Miss Cynthia."

Sally, on unfolding a piece of paper that Clement Flint, Esq., had placed in her hand, found the trifle

to remember him by in a gold quarter-eagle U. S. currency, which addition to her funds came pleasantly acceptable.

Clement Flint, Esq., was an ordinary, every day to be met with similar man. He was, so to say, a medium—medium in length and breadth, medium features; neither handsome nor homely, nor ugly in appearance; his conversation medium; his expenditures medium; his habits, characteristics medium, and, in fine, he was a spiritual medium—being more than medium in his belief in that latter day fancy. The only things not medium were his savings, his legal documents, his charges, and his flourish following his signature.

Clement Flint, Esq., had fallen in love several times. He had been rejected by three fair ladies—two of them single women, one a dashing, bright-eyed, sprightly widow, with property valued at a quarter million. He survived these disappointments, and in the bliss of bachelorhood he continued up to this date of our story. And now C. Flint, Esq., was nearly forty years old.

He was now pretty well off, and thought that on an average his annual income was two thousand dollars.

He had had business of the lady upon whom he was about to call several times to transact for her. He had been also at one period desperately in love with the then aged twenty and very pretty and engaging Miss Cynthia; had gone so far as to nearly propose one day, but an elderly aunt of her's entered the room about that moment and stopped the proposition at about the second word; also the day following that the said elderly relative and Miss Cynthia left the city, and no other opportunity had offered for renewal of his proposal.

"I'll offer again to-day," thought he, as he walked towards her home, which she had named Rose Bower Cottage. His thoughts ran: "also I'll ask her about Abijah Crane; I see that fellow has entered that name as his in the book at the hotel, and I guess it is himself; I rather think it is the same Abijah I know, and that I'm after. I'll get her to invest in that new security. So I'm in for making at least one—perhaps three investments."

Miss Cynthia Smith was still a very pleasant woman to look upon. Her age—I hope she will excuse the revelation—was somewhere near thirty-one; but she did not acknowledge to being that figure. The other day she replied to the question, "how old are you?" with a smile, "just past twenty-three, my dear." A full, finely proportioned form was Miss Cynthia's. She was one—may be two inches taller than Clement Flint, Esq. She was still good-looking. She dressed with good taste—rather elegantly, yet always becomingly. She had fine, dark, flashing eyes, dark hair in profusion, inclined to curl—a hasty temper, and a kind, good heart—a voice pleasant to hear—and manners social and polite she possessed; also, and lastly, an income of nearly three thousand annually.

Mr. Flint also thought that if he was successful to-day in his offer, if he would make the investment he most desired to make, that their united incomes would make a pretty sum in round numbers to begin, say five thousand dollars per year, with a fair prospect of regular increase by subsequent investments, adding to their united capital.

Clement Flint, Esq., duly arrived at the cottage. Sent up his card, upon which the flourish beneath his name appeared conspicuously, and received the reply, "Miss Smith, sir, is at home, will be with you presently." Thereupon he took a seat, and took a leisurely survey of the neat, pretty, very nicely furnished parlor, all very comfortable-looking, and happiness-suggesting.

The moment designated "presently" being up, Miss Smith entered, and C. Flint arose to his full medium height, offered his hand, which was met by her fair hand in a gentle clasp, as the silvery tones fell on his ear in these words:

"My dear sir, how very glad I am to see you. What a pleasing surprise. Are you very well?"

"Thank you, my dear Miss Smith, quite so; and you? But I surely need not ask, you seem as young-looking, fresh and fair as ever."

"Oh, my sir! Mr. Flint, how can you?" "It is true, very true indeed. And here you live so nicely. In this pretty place, quiet and pleasant, not like our noisy, dusty, and at this time, hot city."

"Yes, so it is; very cozy here; but sir, of all places, I'd like best to reside in a large city. It certainly is very agreeable—country life; but give me the city. It must be charming there, particularly in winter."

All of which Miss Cynthia said very animatedly, her fan going to and fro briskly. She had offered the gentleman a fan, but he used it very seldom, and then so gently that a feather would scarcely have been stirred by the air from its movements.

The last remark of Miss Cynthia encouraged the hopes of our solicitor as to the success of his investment. Conversation, including weather, village gossip, and so on, followed, then he remarked: "I saw a former admirer of yours at the hotel. At least I imagine he was so at one time."

"Who could it have been? About his being an admirer, sir, you must be mistaken."

"No—guess not. Don't you remember the Crane that worried you so much during that season of your visit to Boston?"

"Yes, Abijah Crane. Surely I do recollect him, and with great cause. Was he here?"

As Miss Smith put the last question she raised her eyebrows somewhat, leaned forward towards Mr. Flint, and looked quite intently.

"Yes, he has been about several days, I believe. I fancied he had called upon you."

"Oh! my dear sir, no, he would not do so, for surely you must know there was nothing in that affair," and Miss Cynthia seemed more innocent than before.

"Well, my dear Miss Smith, I am sorry if he has not, for I wish to learn somewhat about him, and thought I could do so from you."

"I should have been happy to enlighten you, I am sure, if it had been in my power."

Miss Cynthia Smith grew lay. Very well she knew why Mr. Flint asked, and pretty near the mark she guessed the reason of his coming after the said Mr. Crane. That gentleman really had been to see her. In that very parlor he had spoken to her of matters he much desired to keep dark, and he had confided somewhat incoherently certain secrets to her; also he had renewed his proposals to her matrimonially, and been declined; therefore about Abijah Crane she was not very willing to speak, and so she tried to change the subject of discourse. Meanwhile, although she had declined Abijah more than twice, she felt inclined to throw out a bait and catch an eligible companion, and thought she: "Here is a candidate of suitable age, appearance and condition, worth while my setting my cap for." Therefore the fair Cynthia sighed gently as a summer breeze, modulated her voice into bell-like, silver-like, sweet low tones, her iciness melted away, she grew warmer in looks and manners, and waving gracefully her fan, she beamed lovingly upon Mr. Flint, to the great elation and considerable tremor of that gentleman's heart.

She really did, to him, just then look very lovely.

But it was Mr. Flint's object to attend to business first, and pleasure or love afterwards; so he entered upon the money theme, and concluded it by pocketing a check for \$5,000, to be by him invested for her in the new first-class stock of that day.

This little affair being thus very satisfactorily settled, Mr. Flint entered in earnest upon the theme—Abijah Crane. He said:

"He, Abijah Crane, was at this house, here in this parlor, out there in the garden, and conversed with you. Is this not so?"

"Well, yes, my dear sir: if I must speak—yes, he was; but how you could know it is a mystery."

Mr. Flint did not know positively, but suspected it to have occurred as he queried.

"And, my dear Miss Smith, he proposed something to you, did he not?"

"Oh, Mr. Flint, my dear sir! how can you? how dare you?"

Miss Cynthia was of a quick temper: she was not icy now: she was hot—burning, angry.

"There—now do keep cool—be calm, dear Miss Cynthia; I ask for your good—the Winchesters, and for your good, for all your happiness; not in idle curiosity. Be calm, keep cool. So, dear Cynthia, tell me of this man's interview with you—in confidence, do."

Among many things she mentioned to C. Flint in reply were the following items. Perhaps the narration of our story may unfold the others.

"He called here but once lately. He said he had made some discoveries that might be made to be greatly to their advantage and his, and if I accepted his heart and hand would much add to my own happiness. He said if I'd have him he would try to be upright, he would lead an honest life, and honestly he would make me the wealthiest couple in Boston." I fear him. I mistrust him. I of course declined his tempting offer. I could not marry a man I did not, one I could not love, and he I almost hate. I fancy he knows more about some missing papers of the Winchesters than he chooses to tell, or than he is supposed to know about."

"The very thing I've long suspected. I'll have an eye on him," said Mr. Flint.

A few more confidences on the theme Abijah, and then said C. Flint, Esq.:

"Thank you, dear Miss Cynthia, and pray forgive my pressing these questions upon you. Of course you can see the necessity for my doing so. My clients the Winchesters are deeply interested, if it is as we imagine."

"Very true, my dear Mr. Flint; positively I've nothing to forgive."

Then said the lady:

"Will we walk in the garden, sir?"

"With pleasure—very great pleasure."

Then offering her his arm they walked out, and after a promenade back and forth, and a little botanical talk, gathering a bouquet, they finally arrived at a pretty, shady, vine-covered bower and sat down.

Miss Cynthia Smith had for a time talked quite sensibly and steadily, but in the garden all her gaiety and coquettish manner returned. Said Clement Flint, Esq., by-and-by to her:

"I came, dear Cynthia, to make three investments, I may say: first for you, with some of your funds, and successfully; second, to invest some questions to gain a clue about the friend of whom we've been speaking, also successfully; and now for the most important—the investment of myself, my heart and hand and worldly goods."

"Indeed! Why, Mr. Flint, my dear sir!"

"Yes, Cynthia; I, as you knew, as you know, loved you, do love you still: do you love me?"

"Will you invest your heart and love?"

"Dear me, sir—give me a moment."

"We are, dear Cynthia, a little past the time of life for foolish love-making, and knowing each other so well, what say you, dear Cynthia, do you love me? Will you accept the investment? What reply, dear Cynthia?"

"Yes—yours."

Only these two words; what followed you—may please imagine.

Clement Flint, Esq., thus made his investment.

We let the curtain fall.

CHAPTER V.—IN WHICH CERTAIN FORMER SUSPICIONS ARE REVIVED, AND OUR LOVERS, ARTHUR AND MARY, ARE PARTED AWAY.

On his way from Rose Bower Cottage to the hotel whither he intended going but did not, the feelings of Clement Flint, Esq., were blissful exceedingly; in fact, so very much so that, as hinted,

he did not return to the White Swan; but thinking over the happy termination of his visit, he suddenly found himself in front of the house of the Winchesters, having in his abstraction taken the road leading thither.

"Well, to be sure, who'd have thought you would wander so," said C. Flint, Esq., addressing himself. "It is all right, though; I intended coming here, but later in the day. I wish to speak to Mrs. W. about that rascal Abijah. I wonder where he is now."

He then entered, and soon was announced duly; and in company with Mrs. and Miss Winchester being invited to partake with the ladies of a slight lunch, which he accepted, we leave them, and make a retrograde movement, which is, you know, an author's privilege; and so six years before this date the following transactions took place:

Reuben Winchester, the husband of Mrs. Ann Winchester, was a successful Boston merchant; a man of integrity and worth; a noble man; a kind, loving husband; a good, affectionate father; a man who had been beloved by all who knew him, with perhaps but two or three exceptions, and these were envious of him, while they admired. One of these, not an open enemy, yet rather that way secretly, was Abijah Crane, his confidential clerk, having all the confidences of the business in his hands.

The Winchesters accepted an invitation to visit their friends in New York city, and thither Mr. Reuben Winchester accompanied his wife and two daughters, intending after a day or so to leave them there, and return home to business. One day, however, riding out on horseback, he had proceeded but a short distance when the horse, being of a frisky, nervous, easily frightened temperament, became alarmed at some white object by the sidewalk, became unmanageable, and suddenly Mr. Winchester was thrown violently against the curbstone, and in less than half an hour he expired.

The widow and children returned with the body of their loved one home. Great sorrow was in their hearts, in their house, in the community. But they mourned not without hope—they hoped to meet in the better land, the "land of the hereafter;" they knowing that he had been a Christian man had hope in his death.

After the funeral they assembled at home to have the will read of the late Reuben Winchester; but will to read there was none.

It was supposed he had certainly made one: where it was, was the mystery. There appeared no record of it even anywhere. Suspicion fell on Abijah Crane, but only in whispers. He had been so fully trusted, and heretofore had been so trustworthy, that they could scarcely say why they thought he knew of a will, had had it or had lost it—why or wherefore they knew not. And upon closely questioning that gentleman, he appeared to be so innocent of even the existence, then or at any time, of said will, that the suspicions subsided, and he was fully trusted as before, and held nearly the same position in the firm of Brown, Boyd & Co., the successors of the late Reuben Winchester.

Upon legal settlement of his estate without a will, Mrs. Winchester and daughters still had a moderate income, quite ample for their wants.

Six years she resided in the city. Then selling out house, furniture and so forth, she had caused this pretty cottage home in the country to be purchased for her; and, as we have seen, she and her daughter Mary have duly taken possession, and commenced a country life—very pleasantly, only for one thing—one was missing besides Mr. Winchester.

Clement Flint, Esq., had been employed by the late Mr. Reuben Winchester as his solicitor and general, outside of his store affairs, business agent; and being a man perfectly reliable, one who knew most of the incomings and outgoings of the family, Mrs. Winchester had still retained, and as a friend also he was ever welcome.

It was, therefore, to the kern, wide-awake, smart but rather in most matters medium Clement Flint, Esq., a matter of surprise what had become of the will, and where was some one else? His opinion of Mr. Abijah Crane was not exalted; he did not put so much confidence in that gentleman, either as to his abilities or honor. He had suspected he, Abijah, knew where that missing document could be found; but Mr. Flint had no foundation, no clue to rest upon or trace the matter, so with others he had ceased to suspect Mr. Crane.

The missing will, dear reader (if you are very curious to know) was not one of the papers in the envelope lost in the pile of stones by Cayuga lake, by Abijah Crane.

But after his visit unto, talk with, and investment with Miss Cynthia Smith, the suspicions of Mr. Flint were revived; and upon his statement to and imparting his new knowledge of the affair to Mrs. Winchester and Mary, the lying dormant, sleeping suspicions of those ladies were also aroused; and, upon being convinced that the Abijah Crane of the counting-house in Boston, who wore spectacles and kept his face smoothly shaven, was the same Abijah Crane of no spectacles, but sporting in black moustaches and whiskers, and who they partly recognized at breakfast, was the same person, the identical Abijah, their suspicions amounted almost to certainty.

Mr. Crane, you had better haste away from Boston, for a black cloud arises—low thunder is heard—the storm will break!

Mr. Flint's account of the current gossip in the town, and at the White Swan, and of the maid Sally's statements of his whisperings of having a secret, overturning furniture, and of his wild doings generally; then the clue Mr. Flint gleaned from Miss Smith, as to why Abijah should do so and so—altogether were calculated to convulse Mr. Crane, and to add weight to the suspicions and almost certainty of the Winchesters and Mr. Flint.

The clue mentioned as to why he should take, why keep such a document, Mr. Flint thought he

saw in the following scraps of Miss Smith's and Miss Mary Winchester's history:

After the decease of Titus Crane, her husband, years ago, Mrs. Crane kept a first-class young ladies' school in Boston. Her son being educated at a private school, and he afterwards being placed with Mr. Winchester, from a low position, as has been told, he arose to be that gentleman's clerk. Among the pupils of Mrs. Crane were Miss Mary Winchester and Miss Cynthia Smith, and between these two young ladies quite an intimacy and a warm lasting friendship existed. No secrets had one but what she revealed to the other. Abijah Crane, in his boy days and youth, greatly admired Mary and Cynthia—loved them both, and boy fashion, wanted to marry Mary as soon as they both would be at a proper age, and proposed it to Mary, which very kindly that young lady firmly declined. Then he proposed the same "wait-till-we're-old-enough-then-get-married" to Cynthia, which that young lady laughingly declined, but quite as firmly as Mary had done. Mr. Abijah, the boy and youth, made two or three similar efforts to win these ladies' hearts and hands—one, then the other, at different periods, and always unsuccessfully. Mrs. Winchester also declined his various advances and proposals to her daughter; and so anger, hate, wishes for "revenge on the whole pack," as he said, took possession of him. Mr. Flint knew of these love or matrimonial efforts on the part of the boy, and of the youth, and later of the man Abijah, and surmised that he, Abijah, must have obtained the supposed-to-have-once-existed will, and still held it, or had destroyed it, so as to satisfy his revengeful feelings for more than twice being rejected by Miss Mary Winchester, because its absence would keep her out of a vast fortune, and prevent her holding up her head proudly as the heiress.

Miss Cynthia Smith, in those youthful days, had been a merry, light-hearted, inclined to mischief, very much disposed to fun, of the light practical sort, and for this reason solely had sometimes encouraged Abijah in his lovmaking to her; so had gained many confidences from him, and led him on to the declaration point—then laughing gaily said "nay." She thus, to a degree, had Abijah, as far as his secrets confided to her went, in her power. She never gave him any of her secrets, or any clue to them.

Some time after the decease of Reuben Winchester, Barton Brown, Esq., an East India merchant and uncle of Mrs. Titus Crane, died, leaving a large property to her. Mrs. Crane, thereupon, had broken up school and house and gone abroad to secure her fortune, leaving her son Abijah at home.

Mrs. Crane had been very fond of Mary and Cynthia, and on the news of her fortune, she had promised to leave each of those young ladies a handsome legacy.

Not long after the arrival of Mrs. Crane in Italy news was received in Boston of her sudden death; also that she had left a will.

Mary Winchester and Cynthia Smith, however, had up to the date of this story received no legacies, nor any intimation that the late Mrs. Crane had remembered her promise. Clement Flint thought Abijah Crane knew more of these matters than he chose to tell, and fancied perhaps Mary was remembered, also Cynthia, in the deceased lady's will. However, all this in reference to Abijah were mere surmises or suspicions, and had no facts for foundation of accusation against Abijah Crane.

Mrs. Winchester informed Clement Flint, Esq.—Mary having left the room—that Mary had a lover, a worthy gentleman—good as he was handsome, well-doing and very loving towards Mary; and that these young people were duly engaged to be married to each other at an early day; also, that this Mr. Arthur Harrington, Mary's lover, had an intention to visit Eastern cities, to purchase goods for fall and winter sales—he being a prosperous merchant, and, therefore, in consideration of Arthur Harrington's relation to them at present, and prospective dearer relation very soon, said Mrs. Winchester: "Would it not, sir, be well to take Arthur into our confidence; tell him all necessary details of our history, of my husband and children, of the Cranes, and of our suspicions, of missing documents, and our dear one lost, and let him, on his visit to Boston, try to ferret out the matter; if he finds a will, have it properly attended to; and you to accompany him and aid in the investigations; would it not be well, sir, to do so?"

"Quite correct—eminently proper, my dear madam."

"To-night, then, he will be here, and we can have a mutual understanding and agreement."

"Certainly."

Accordingly it was done so at the family circle that evening, and Clement Flint, Esq., remarked: "Now the new firm of Flint & Harrington, or Harrington & Flint, as you will, is duly formed, with the object of searching for lost will or wills, or persons—loss caused by a person named Abijah Crane, who, according to Buzzardville report, is 'insane'—a queer customer—'is the man who said in whispers and aloud, 'I've a secret—I'll keep it secret!'"

"Exactly, and we will work hard to prove he is not insane, but a sane rascal, or I'm mistaken in the powers of the new firm of Flint & Harrington," laughingly replied Arthur.

Then business was dropped, and music, singing, and light pleasant conversation dissipated genially another period of evening time.

C. Flint, Esq., then, shortly after, said "Good-night, friends," and repaired to his hotel.

Mrs. Winchester retired early with a severe headache and mind disturbed by these recent worryings and revealings.

Mary and Arthur were lovers, my friend. They were left alone. Reader, we had better leave them alone, too. Three is not company, you know—so how could four be? as you, I, Mary and Arthur would be four—so come away.

Two days after Mary Winchester and Arthur Harrington said good-bye, etc., etc., and parted.

In due time thereafter the new firm of Flint & Harrington, or Harrington & Flint, arrived in Boston, stopped at the American House, and proceeded with their proposed business. Clement Flint, Esq., had encountered Wild Bessie of the Wood occasionally in his walks, and looking at her and thinking about her, he concluded he had found a clue to another mysterious unravelment.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE DRAFT IN NEW YORK, AUG. 1863.

It will stand a blot in the history of the city that in July, 1863, a law of the United States was resisted by violence, the offices and dwellings of those appointed to execute it pillaged and destroyed, and all the unbridled passions of the mob called out against an unoffending race, whose lives were taken, whose homes and property were destroyed, and even the fatherless, motherless orphans driven out unsheltered, while citizens entirely unconnected with the law or the obnoxious race saw themselves engulfed in the wide-spreading ruin. The malcontents, strong in the supposed sympathy of State authorities, were repressed only by force, and the execution of the law was postponed.

The Government could not, however, bow to the power of the mob, nor even as advised, with a *saevius* truly charming, by a high state official, defer the execution of the law for a year or two, till the Supreme Court of the United States had decided some case which involved the constitutionality of the act. The draft was postponed merely till the 19th of August, when it began in the Sixth Congressional District, which includes the Ninth, Fifteenth and Sixteenth Wards. The first drafting was made in the Ninth Ward, by Capt. James W. Farr, Provost-Marshal of the district, at his office, 185 Sixth avenue, near Thirteenth street. As part of the interesting history of the time, we give a sketch of the office and also an interior view, showing the operation of drafting. At the farther end of the room, on a platform, is the circular pine box containing the names, the turning of which decides who of those bound by every principle of reason to give their arms to the service of the State shall take the field.

The first name drawn by the blind operator was that of William R. Birdsall, 130 Charles street. Others soon came pouring out, the turning of the wheel being impartially taken with the rest: As one was called out, a man in the crowd exclaimed, "Halloo! that's me!" so innocently as to elicit a shout of laughter from the bystanders.

All passed off with the utmost quiet. The recent summary proceedings in the trial of the rioters, the feeling that courts will do their duty, and that murder, arson and robbery will be punished to the extent of the law, have had the salutary effect which certainty in punishment always carries.

The Government had, however, not relied merely on this. Gen. Canby, whose headquarters we portray, had made preparations for any difficulty. The 37th Massachusetts, Col. Oliver Edwards, were stationed at Washington Square, and cavalry patrolled the streets in all directions; while under the direction of Major-Gen. Saxford, the militia regiments were assembled at their armories, ready to march if required.

PORT HUDSON.

OUR ARTIST sends a couple of sketches which possess considerable interest in connection with the successful investment of the place by Gen. Banks. One is the effect of one of our shot on a 32-pounder in the rebel works. The gun was dismounted, one-trunnion broken off, and the carriage and wheel nearly destroyed. The other is a view of a church at Port Hudson, now temporarily used as a hospital, but which during the siege was greatly exposed to our fire, and shows the destructive power of the shot, scarcely an entire plank remaining.

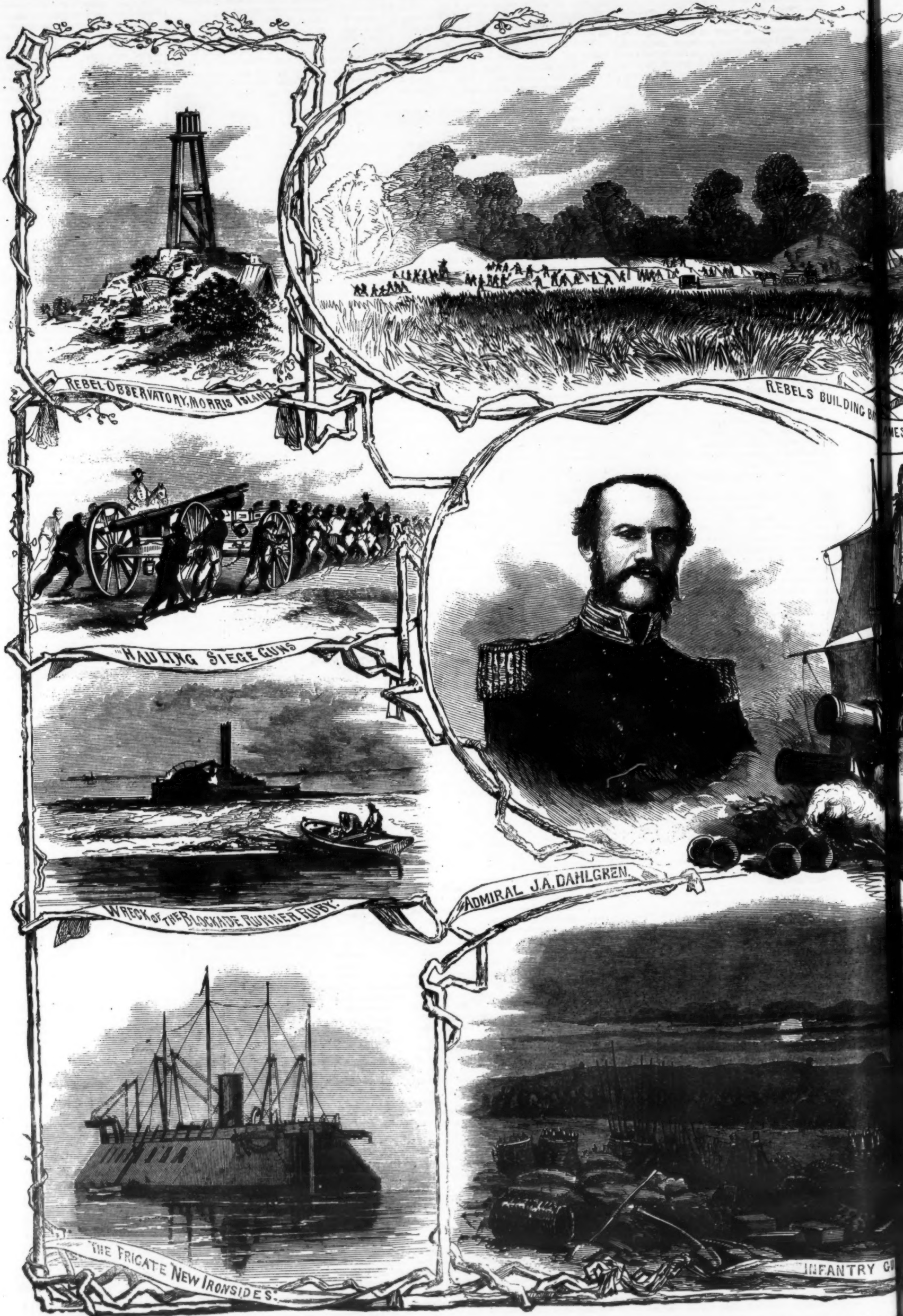
LIEUT. FOSTER (COONSKIN).

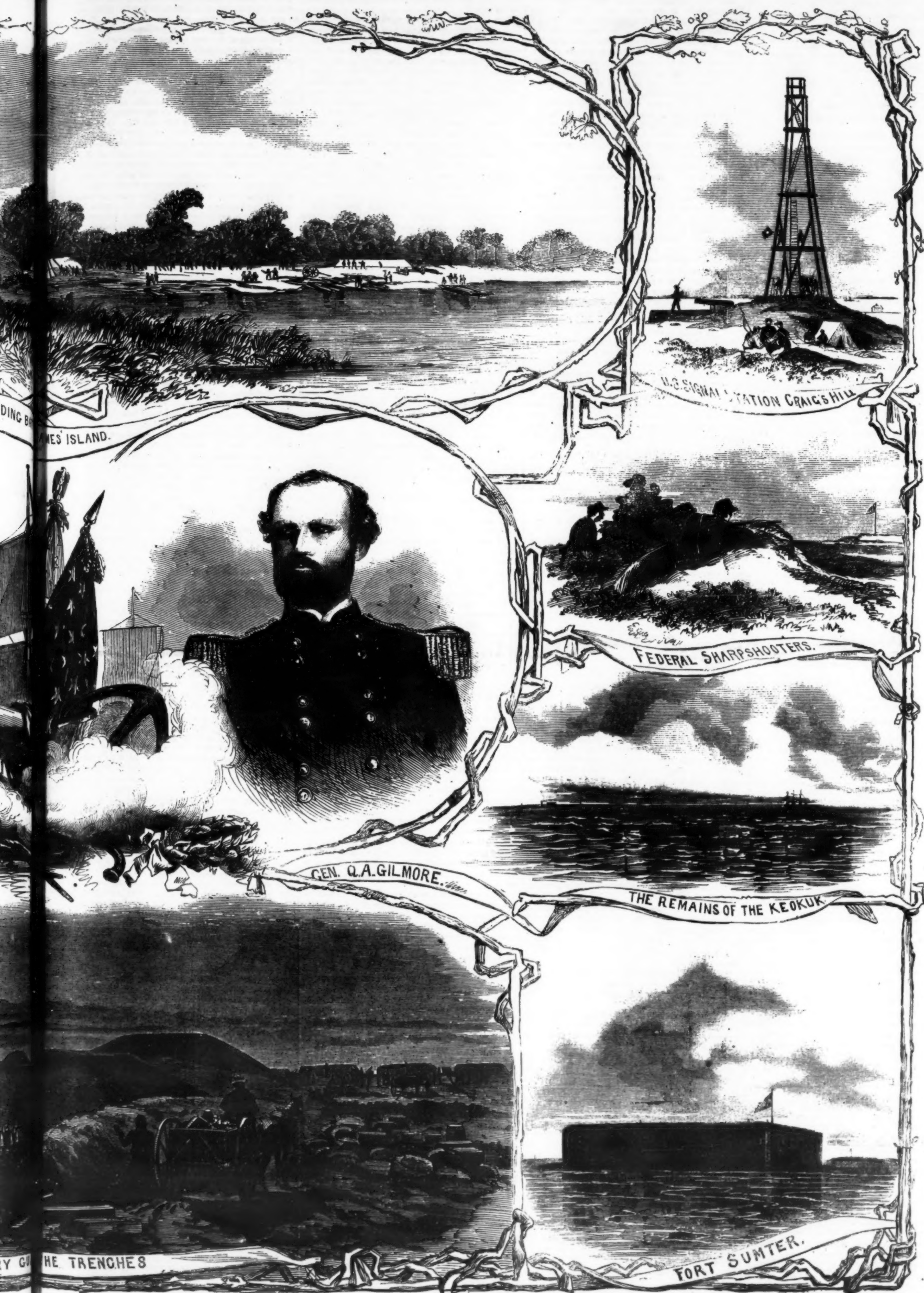
LIEUT. FOSTER, of the 23d Indiana, whose reputation in the West compares with that of California Joe at Yorktown, was, *par excellence*, the sharpshooter at Vicksburg, and acquired his soubriquet from a raccoon cap which he wore when he began his operations, having given his regimental cap to a wounded brother officer. As his death-bearing shots came from his lookout, they learned to respect and dread the wearer of the cap, and Coonskin, like his compeer at Yorktown, made distant captures of cannon. He was always in the advance in the trenches, a stimulus to our men and an annoyance to the enemy.

THE BOOMERANG.—The boomerang is a pebble, and even mathematicians cannot comprehend the law of its action. It is a piece of carved hard wood, nearly in the form of a parabola; it is from 30 to 40 inches long and about 3 inches broad, pointed at both ends, the concave part a quarter of an inch thick and the convex edge quite sharp. The mode of using it is as singular as the weapon. Aim a back to throw it so that it may fall at his feet, and away goes boomerang for 40 yards before him, skimming along the surface at three or four feet from the ground, when it will suddenly rise into the air 40 or 50 feet, describing a curve, and finally drop at the feet of the thrower.

EXTREMES meet. Civilization and barbarism come together. Savage Indians and fashionable ladies paint their faces.

A DIFFICULT QUESTION.—How many rods will make one wise acre?





THE LAST POET.

Translated from the German by Hecate.

When will the poets, old and young,
Cease beating their old gong?
When will, for the last time, be sung
The old eternal song?

Oh, will they never, never cease
Their nonsense to indite?
Nor leave the moon and stars in peace,
While they have strength to write?

Their horn of plenty have they not
Exhausted long ago?
And devastated every spot
Where flowers were wont to grow?

While yet the blazing sun shall glow,
And keep its course on high,
While yet on earth one human brow
Shall upward turn the eye—

While clouds above us war still wage,
And thunder o'er our globe—
While, frightened by their threatened rage,
One trembling heart shall throb—

So long as, after tempests cease,
The heavens a rainbow show,
And while one bosom yearns for peace
And pardon here below—

So long as yon blue arch the night
With sparkling star-seed sows,
And yet one man the letters bright
Of that loved Scripture knows—

So long as Luna lights the good,
And one man yet can feel,
And branches rustling in the wood
A God to man reveal—

While yet the graves are dark and deep
Where our last rest we take—
While there is yet one eye to weep,
And yet one heart to break—

So long will reign, o'er every land,
The goddess Poesie;
And with her wander, hand in hand,
Each happy devotee.

Thus poets, with their flag unfurled,
A joyous, happy band,
Shall roam triumphant o'er the world,
A blessing to each land.

When violets shall cease to bloom,
And bid the world adieu—
When all shall meet one common doom,
And earth shall ashes strew—

Then may'st thou ask, if then thy tongue
Will serve for such a wrong,
If to the end at last is sung
The old, eternal song.

And art thou curious to know
How long the poet's span?
The last of poets hence will go
When goes the world's last man.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON.

AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "LADY LILIE," "JOHN MARCOMONT'S LEGACY," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIII.—A BRIEF TRIUMPH.

ELEANOR MONCKTON'S first impulse was to rush into the room and denounce Launcelot Darrell in the presence of those who would be sure to come in answer to her call. He would be scarcely likely to find much mercy at the hands of his aunts; he would stand before them a detected wretch, capable of any crime, of any treachery, for the furtherance of his own interest.

But a second impulse, as rapid as the first, restrained the impetuous girl. She wanted to know the end, she wanted to see what these two plotters would do next. Under the influence of her desire to rush into the room, she had moved forward a few paces, rustling the leaves about her as she stirred. The Frenchman's acute hearing had detected that rustling sound.

"Quick, quick!" he whispered; "take the keys back; there is some one in the garden!"

Launcelot Darrell had risen from his knees. The door between the study and the dressing-room had been left ajar; the young man pushed it open and hurried away with the keys in his hand. Victor Bourdon closed his lantern and came to the window. He thrust aside the Venetian shutters and stepped out into the garden. Eleanor crouched down with her back flat against the wall, completely sheltered by the laurels. The Frenchman commenced his search amongst the bushes on the right of the window, Eleanor's hiding-place was on the left. This gave her a moment's breathing time.

"The will!" she thought in that one moment, "they have left the genuine will upon the chair by the cabinet. If I could get that!"

The thought had flashed like lightning through her brain. Reckless in her excitement, she rose from her crouching position and slid rapidly and noiselessly across the threshold of the open window into the study before Victor Bourdon had finished his examination of the shrubs on the right.

Her excitement seemed to intensify every sense. The only light in the room was a faint ray which came across the small intermediate chamber from the open door of Maurice de Crespigny's bedroom. This light was very little, but the open door was opposite the cabinet, and what light there was fell upon the very spot towards which Eleanor's dilated eyes looked. She could see the outline of the paper on the floor, faint and gray in the dim glimmer from the distant candles.

She snatched the will from the chair and thrust it into the pocket of her dress; she picked up the other paper from the floor and placed it on the chair. Then, with her face and figure obscured in the loose cloak that shrouded her, she went back into the garden.

As she drew back into the shelter of the laurels she felt a man's garments brushing against her own, and a man's hot breath upon her cheek. The Frenchman had passed her so closely that it was almost impossible he could have failed to perceive her presence, and yet he had seemed utterly unconscious of it.

Launcelot Darrell came back to the study almost the moment after Eleanor had left it. He was breathing quickly, and stopped to wipe his forehead once more with his handkerchief.

"Bourdon!" he exclaimed, in a loud whisper, "Bourdon, where are you?"

The Frenchman crossed the threshold of the window as the young man called to him.

"I have been on the look-out for spies," he said.

"Have you seen any one?"

"No; I fancy it was a false alarm."

"Come, then," said Launcelot Darrell, "we have been luckier than I thought we would be."

"Hadn't you better unlock that door before we leave?" asked Monsieur Bourdon, pointing to the door which communicated with the other part of the house. Launcelot had locked it on first entering the study, and had thus secured himself from any surprise in that direction. The two men were going away when Monsieur Bourdon stopped suddenly.

"You've forgotten something, my friend," he whispered, laying his hand on Launcelot's shoulder. "What?"

"The will, the genuine will," answered the Frenchman, pointing to the chair. "It would be a clever thing to leave that behind, eh?"

Launcelot started, and put his hand to his forehead.

"I must be mad," he muttered; "this business is too much for my brain. Why did you lead me into it, Bourdon? Are you the Devil, that you must always prompt me to some new mischief?"

"You shall ask me that next week, my friend, when you are the master of this house. Get that paper there, and come away; unless you want to stop till your maiden aunts make their appearance."

Launcelot Darrell snatched up the paper which Eleanor had put upon the chair by the cabinet. He was going to thrust it into his breast pocket, when the Frenchman took it away from him.

"You don't particularly want to keep that document; or to drop it anywhere about the garden; do you? We'll burn it, if it's all the same to you, and save them all trouble at—what you call your law court—Commons, Proctor's Commons, eh?"

Monsieur Bourdon had put his bull's-eye lantern in his coat pocket, after looking for spies amongst the evergreens. He now produced a box of fuses, and setting one of them alight, watched it fix and sparkle for a moment, and then held it beneath the corner of the document in his left hand.

The paper was slow to catch fire, and Monsieur Bourdon had occasion to light another fuse before he succeeded in doing more than scorching it. But it blazed up by-and-by, and by the light of the blaze Eleanor Monckton saw the eager faces of the two men. Launcelot Darrell's livid countenance was almost like that of a man who looks on at an assassination. The commercial traveller watched the slow burning of the document with a smile upon his face—a smile of triumph, as it seemed to Eleanor Monckton.

"V'la!" he exclaimed, as the paper dropped, a frail sheet of tinder, from his hand, and fluttered slowly to the ground. "V'la!" he cried, stamping upon the feathery gray ashes; "so much for that; and now our little scheme of to-night is safe, I fancy, my friend."

Launcelot Darrell drew a long breath.

"Thank God it's over," he muttered. "I wouldn't go through this business again for twenty fortunes!"

Eleanor, still crouching upon the damp grass close against the wall, waited for the two men to go away. She waited, with her hands clasped upon her heart, thinking of her triumph.

The vengeance had come at last. That which she had said to Richard Thornton was about to be fulfilled. The law of the land had no power to punish Launcelot Darrell for the cowardly and treacherous act that had led to an old man's most miserable death; but the traitor had by a new crime placed himself at the mercy of the law.

"The will! he has placed in the cabinet is a forgery," she thought; "and I have the real will in my pocket. He cannot escape me now—he cannot escape me now! His fate is in my hands."

The two men had walked past the laurels out on to the grass-plot. Eleanor rose from her crouching position, rustling the branches as she did so. At the same moment she heard voices in the distance, and saw a light gleaming through the leaves.

One of the voices that she had heard was her husband's.

"So much the better," she thought. "I will tell him what Launcelot Darrell is. I will tell him to-night."

The voices and the lights came nearer, and she heard Gilbert Monckton say:

"Impossible, Miss Sarah. Why should my wife stop here? She must have gone back to Tol-

dale, and I have been unlucky enough to miss her on the way."

The lawyer had scarcely spoken when, by the light of the lantern which he held, he saw Launcelot Darrell making off into the shrubbery that surrounded the grass-plot. The young man had not succeeded in escaping from the open space into this friendly shelter before Gilbert Monckton perceived him. Monsieur Bourdon, perhaps better accustomed to take to his heels, had been more fortunate, and had plunged in amongst the evergreens at the first sound of the lawyer's voice.

"Darrell!" cried Mr. Monckton, "what in Heaven's name brings you here?"

The young man stood for a few moments, irresolute and sullen-looking.

"I've as good a right to be here as any one else, I suppose," he said. "I heard of my uncle's death, and—and—I came to ascertain if there was any truth in the report."

"You heard of my beloved uncle's death!" cried Miss Sarah de Crespigny, peering sharply at her nephew from under the shadow of a penthouse-like garden-hood, in which she had invested herself before venturing into the night air. "How could you have heard of the sad event? My sister and I gave special orders that no report should go abroad until to-morrow morning."

Mr. Darrell did not care to say that one of the Woodlands servants was in his pay; and that the same servant, being no other than Brooks the gardener, had galloped over to Hazlewood to communicate the tidings of his master's death, before starting for Windsor.

"I did hear of it," Launcelot said, "and that's enough. I came to ascertain if it was true."

"But you were going away from the house when I saw you!" said Mr. Monckton, rather suspiciously.

"I was not going away from the house, for I had not been to the house," Launcelot answered in the same tone as before.

He spoke in a sulky grudging manner, because he knew that he was telling a deliberate lie. He was a man who always did wrong acts under protest, as being forced to do them by the injustice of the world; and he held society responsible for all his errors.

"Have you seen my wife?" Gilbert asked, still suspiciously.

"No. I have only this moment come. I have not seen anybody."

"I must have missed her," muttered the lawyer, with an anxious air. "I must have missed her between this and Tol-dale. Nobody saw her leave the house. She went out without leaving any message, and I guessed at once that she had come up here. It's very odd."

"It is very odd!" Miss Sarah repeated with spiteful emphasis. "I must confess that for my own part I do not see what motive Mrs. Monckton could have had for rushing up here in the dead of the night."

The time which Miss Sarah de Crespigny spoke of as the dead of the night had been something between ten and eleven o'clock. It was now past eleven.

The lawyer and Miss de Crespigny walked slowly along the gravelled pathway that led from the grass-plot and shrubbery to the other side of the house. Launcelot Darrell went with them, lounging by his aunt's side, with his head down, and his hands in his pockets, stopping now and then to kick the pebbles from his pathway.

It was impossible to imagine anything more despicable than this young man's aspect. Hating himself for what he had done; hating the man who had prompted him to do it; angry against the very workings of Providence—since by his reasoning it was Providence, or his Destiny, or some power or other against which he had ample ground for rebellion, that had caused all the mischief and dishonor of his life—he went unwillingly to act out the part which he had taken upon himself, and to do his best to throw Gilbert Monckton off the scent.

His mind was too much disturbed for him to be able clearly to realize the danger of his position. To have been seen there was ruin, perhaps. If by-and-by any doubts should arise as to the validity of the will that would be found in Maurice de Crespigny's secret drawer, would it not be remembered that he, Launcelot Darrell, had been seen lurking about the house on the night of the old man's death, and had been only able to give a very lame explanation of his motives for being there. He thought of this as he walked by his aunt's side. He thought of this, and began to wonder if it might not be possible to undo what had been done? No, it was impossible. The crime had been committed. A step had been taken which could never be retraced, for Victor Bourdon had burned the real will.

"Curse his officiousness," thought the young man. "I could have undone it all but for that."

As the lawyer and his two companions reached the angle of the house on their way to the front entrance, whence Mr. Monckton and Miss de Crespigny had come into the garden, a dark figure shrouded in a loose cloak emerged from amidst the shrubs by the windows of the dead man's apartments, and approached them.

"Who is that?" cried the lawyer, suddenly. His heart began to beat violently as he asked the question. It was quite a supererogatory question; for he knew well enough that it was his wife who stood before him.

"It is I, Gilbert," Eleanor said quietly.

"You here, Mrs. Monckton!" exclaimed her husband, in a harsh voice, that seemed to ring through the air like the vibration of metal that has been struck—"you here, hiding in this shrubbery?"

"Yes, I came here—how long ago, Miss Sarah? It seems half a century to me."

"You came here exactly twenty minutes ago, Mrs. Monckton," Miss de Crespigny answered icily.

"And by a really remarkable coincidence," cried Gilbert Monckton, in the same unnatural voice in

which he had spoken before, "Mr. Darrell happens to be here too, only I must do you the justice to say, Mrs. Monckton, that you appear less discomposed than the gentleman. Ladies always have the advantage of us; they can carry off these things so easily; deception seems to come natural to them."

"Deception!" repeated Eleanor.

What did he mean? Why was he angry with her? She wondered at his manner as she walked with him to the house. No suspicion of the real nature of her husband's feelings entered her mind. The absorbing idea of her life was the desire to punish her father's destroyer; and how could she imagine that her husband was tormented by jealous suspicions of this man—of this man, who of all the living creatures upon the earth was most hateful to her? How could she, knowing her own feelings—and taking it for granted that these feelings were more or less obvious to other people—how could she imagine the state of Gilbert Monckton's mind?

She went into the hall with her husband, followed by Miss Sarah de Crespigny and Launcelot Darrell, and from the hall into the sitting-room usually occupied by the two ladies. A lamp burned brightly upon the centre-table, and Miss Lavinia de Crespigny sat near it, with some devotional book in her hand. I think she tried her best to be devout and to employ herself with serious reflections upon the dread event that had so lately happened; but the fatal power of the old man's wealth was stronger than any holier influence, and I fear that Miss Lavinia's thoughts very often wandered away from the page on which her eyes were fixed into sundry intricate calculations of the cumulative interest upon Exchequer bills, India five per cents and Great Western railway shares.

"I must have an explanation of this business," Mr. Monckton said; "it is time that we should all understand each other. There has been too much mystification, and I am most heartily tired of it."

He walked to the fireplace and leaned his elbow upon the marble chimney-piece. From this position he commanded a view of every one in the room. Launcelot Darrell flung himself into a chair by the table, nearly opposite his aunt Lavinia. He did not trouble himself to notice this lady, nor did he bow to Eleanor; he sat with his elbow resting upon the arm of his chair, his chin in the palm of his hand, and he employed himself by biting his nails and beating his heel upon the carpet. He was still thinking as he had thought in the garden: "If I could only undo what I have done. If I could only undo the work of the last quarter of an hour, and stand right with the world again."

But in this intense desire that had taken possession of Launcelot Darrell's mind there was mingled no regretful horror of the wickedness of what he had done; no remorseful sense of the great injustice which he had plotted; no wish to atone or to restore. It was selfishness alone that influenced his every thought. He wanted to put himself right. He hated this new position, which for the last few minutes he had occupied for the first time in his life—the position of a deliberate criminal, amenable to the laws by which the commonest felons are tried, likely to suffer as the commonest felons suffer.

It seemed to him as if his brain had been paralysed until now; it seemed to him as if he had acted in a stupor or a dream, and that he now for the first time comprehended the nature of the deed which he had done, and was able to foresee the possible consequences of his own act.

"I have committed forgery," he thought. "If my crime is discovered I shall be sent to Bermuda to work amongst gangs of murderous ruffians till I drop down dead. If my crime is discovered! How shall I ever be safe from discovery when I am at the mercy of the wretches who helped me?"

Eleanor threw off her cloak, but she refused to sit down in the chair which Miss Sarah offered her. She stood divided by the width of half the room from her husband, with her face fronting him, in the full glare of the lamp. Her large gray eyes were bright with excitement, her cheeks were flushed, her hair fell loosely about her face, and, brown in the shadow, glittered like ruddy gold in the light.

In all the beauty of her girlhood, from the hour in which Gilbert Monckton had first seen her until to-night, she had never looked so beautiful as she looked now. The sense that she had triumphed, the thought that she held the power to avenge her father's death, lent an unnatural brilliancy to her loveliness. She was no longer an ordinary woman, only gifted with the earthly charms of lovely womanhood; she was a splendid Nemesis radiant with a supernatural beauty.

CHAPTER XLIV.—LOST.

"You asked me why I came here to-night," she said, looking at her husband. "I will tell you, Gilbert; but I must tell you a long story first, almost all the story of my life."

Her voice, resonant and musical, roused Launcelot Darrell from his gloomy abstraction. He looked up at Eleanor, and for the first time began to wonder how and why she had come there. They had met her in the garden. Why had she been there? What had she been doing there? Could it be possible that she had played the spy upon him? No! Surely there could be no fear of that? What reason should she have for suspecting or watching him? That terror was too cowardly, too absurd, he thought; but such foolish and unnecessary fears would be the perpetual torment of his life henceforward.

"You remember, Gilbert," Eleanor continued, "that when I promised to be your wife, I told you my real name, and asked you to keep that name a secret from the people in this house; and from Launcelot Darrell."

"Yes," answered Mr. Monckton, "I remember." Even in the midst of the tortures which arose

out of his jealousy and suspicion, and which to-night had reached their climax, and had taken entire possession of the lawyer's mind, there was some half-doubtful feeling of wonder at Eleanor's calm and self-assured manner.

And yet she was deceiving him. He knew that he had long ago determined that this second hazard of his life was to result in ignominious failure, like the first. He had been deceived before; gulled, hoodwinked, fooled, jilted; and the traitress had smiled in his face, with the innocent smile of a guileless child. Eleanor was perhaps even more skilled in treachery than that first traitress; but that was all.

"I will not be deluded by her again," he thought, as he looked gloomily at the beautiful face opposite to his: "nothing that she can say shall make me her dupe again."

"Shall I tell you why I asked you to keep that secret for me, Gilbert?" continued Eleanor; "I did so because I had a motive for coming back to the neighborhood of this place—a motive that was stronger than my love for you, though I did love you, Gilbert, better than I thought; if I thought at all of anything except that other motive which was the one purpose of my life."

Mr. Monckton's upper lip curled scornfully. Love him! That was too poor a fancy. What had he ever been but a dupe and a cat's-paw for a false woman; fooled and cheated many years ago in his early manhood; fooled and cheated to-day in his prime of life. He smiled contemptuously at the thought of his own folly.

"Launcelot Darrell," cried Eleanor, suddenly, in an altered voice, "shall I tell you why I was so eager to come back to this neighborhood? Shall I tell you why I wanted the secret of my name kept from you and from your kindred?"

The young man lifted his head and looked at Eleanor. Wonder and terror were both expressed in his countenance. He wondered why Gilbert Monckton's wife addressed him with such earnestness. He was afraid without knowing what he feared.

"I don't know what you mean, Mrs. Monckton," he faltered, "What could I have to do with your false name—or your coming back to this place?"

"Everything!" cried Eleanor; "it was to be near you that I came back here."

"I thought as much," muttered the lawyer, under his breath.

"It was to be near you that I came back," Eleanor repeated, "it was to be near you, Launcelot Darrell, that I was so eager to come back—so eager, that I would have stooped to any stratagem, encounter any risk, if by so doing I could have hastened my return. It was for this that I took the most solemn step a woman can take, without stopping to think of its solemnity. It was to deceive you that I kept my name a secret. It was to denounce you as the wretch who cheated a helpless old man out of the money that was not his own, and thus drove him into a shameful and sinful death, that I came here. I have watched and waited long for this moment. It has come at last. Thank Heaven, it has come at last!"

Launcelot Darrell rose suddenly from his chair. His white face was still turned towards Eleanor; his eyes were fixed in a stare of horror. At first, perhaps, he contemplated rushing out of the room and getting away from this woman, who had recalled the sin of the past at a moment when his brain was maddened by the crime of the present. But he stopped, fascinated by some irresistible power in the beautiful face before him. Eleanor stood between the coward and the door. He could not pass her.

"You know who I am now, Launcelot Darrell, and you know how much mercy you can expect from me," this girl continued, in the clear, ringing voice in which she had first addressed her enemy. "You remember the 11th of August. You remember the night upon which you met my father upon the Boulevard. I stood by his side upon that night. I was hanging upon his arm, when you and your vile associate tempted him away from me. Heaven knows how dearly I loved him; Heaven knows how happily I looked forward to a life in which I might be with him and work for him. Heaven only knows how happily that bright dream might have been realized—but for you—but for you. May an old man's sin rest upon your head. May a daughter's blighted hope rest upon your head. You can guess now why I am here to-night, and what I have been doing; and you can guess, perhaps, what mercy you have to expect from George Vane's daughter."

"George Vane's daughter!" Sarah and Lavinia de Crespiigny lifted up their hands and eyes in mute dismay. Was this woman, this viper, who had gained access to the very heart of the citadel which they had guarded so jealously, the very creature who of all others they would have kept remote from the dead man?

No! it was impossible. Neither of Maurice de Crespiigny's nieces had ever heard of the birth of George Vane's youngest child. The old man had received tidings of the little girl's advent in a letter sent by stealth, and had kept the intelligence a secret.

"It is too absurd!" Miss Lavinia exclaimed; "George Vane's youngest daughter is Hortensia Bannister, and she must be at least five-and-thirty years of age."

Launcelot Darrell knew better than this. He could recall a dismal scene that had occurred in the pale gray light of an August morning. He could remember a white-haired old man sitting amidst the sordid splendor of a second-rate coffee-house, crying about his youngest daughter, and bewailing the loss of money that was to have paid for his darling's education—a wretched, broken-hearted old man, who held his trembling hands aloft, and cursed the wretch who had cheated him.

He could see the figure now, with the shaking hands, lifted high. He could see the wrinkled face, very old and worn, in that gray morning light, and tears streaming from the faded blue eyes. He had

lived under the shadow of that curse ever since, and it seemed as if it was coming home to him to-night.

"I am Eleanor Vane," Gilbert Monckton's wife said, in answer to Miss Lavinia. "I am Hortensia Bannister's half-sister. It was because of her foolish pride that I came to Hazlewood under a false name. It was in order to be revenged upon Launcelot Darrell that I have since kept my real name a secret."

Eleanor Vane! Eleanor Vane! Could it be true? Of all whom Launcelot Darrell had reason to fear, this Eleanor Vane was the most to be dreaded. If he had never wronged her father, even if he had not been indirectly the cause of the old man's death, he would still have had reason to fear Eleanor Vane. He knew what that reason was, and he dropped back into his chair, livid and trembling, as he had trembled when he stole the keys from his dead uncle's bedside.

"Maurice de Crespiigny and my father were bosom friends," continued Eleanor. Her voice changed as she spoke of her father, and the light in her face faded as a tender shadow stole over her countenance. She could not mention her father's name without tenderness, speak of him when or where she might. "They were bosom friends, everybody here knows that; and my poor dear father had a foolish fancy that if Mr. de Crespiigny died before him, he would inherit this house and estate, and that he would be rich once more, and that we should be very happy together. I never thought that."

Launcelot Darrell looked up with a strange, eager glance, but said nothing. The sisters, however, could not suffer Eleanor's words to pass without remark.

"You never thought that; oh, dear no, I dare say not," Miss Lavinia observed.

"Of course you never entered this house with any mercenary ideas upon the subject of my dear uncle's will," Miss Sarah exclaimed, with biting irony.

"I never built any hope upon my dear father's fancy," resumed Eleanor, so indifferent to the remarks of the two ladies that it seemed as if they had been unheard by her; "but I humored it as I would have humored any fancy of his, however foolish. But after his death I remembered that Mr. de Crespiigny had been his friend, and I only wanted to convince myself of that man's guilt," she pointed to Launcelot Darrell as she spoke—"before I denounced him to his great-uncle. I thought that my father's old friend would listen to me, and knowing what had been done, would never let a traitor inherit his wealth. I thought that by this means I should be revenged upon the man who caused my father's death. I heard to-day that Mr. de Crespiigny had not long to live; and when I came here to-night I came with the intention of telling him the real character of the man who was perhaps to inherit his fortune."

The maiden ladies looked at each other. It would not have been a bad thing, perhaps, after all, if Eleanor had arrived in time to see the dying man. It was a pity that Maurice de Crespiigny should have died in ignorance of his nephew's character, when there was just a chance that he might have left a will in that nephew's favor. But on the other hand, George Vane's daughter was even a more formidable person than Launcelot. Who could tell how she might have contrived to tamper with the old man?

"I have no doubt you wished to denounce Mr. Darrell; and to denounce us too, for the matter of that, I dare say," observed Miss Sarah, "in order that you yourself might profit by my uncle's will."

"I profit!" cried Eleanor; "what should I want with the poor old man's money?"

"My wife is rich enough to be above any suspicion of that kind, Miss de Crespiigny," Gilbert Monckton said, proudly.

"I came too late," Eleanor said; "I came too late to see my father's friend, but not too late for what I have so long prayed for—revenge upon my father's destroyer. Look at your sister's son, Miss de Crespiigny. Look at him, Miss Lavinia; you have good reason to be proud of him. He has been a liar and a traitor from first to last; and to-night he has advanced from treachery to crime. The law could not punish him for the cruelty that killed a helpless old man; the law can punish him for that which he has done to-night, for he has committed a crime."

"A crime!" "Yes. He has crept like a thief into the house in which his uncle lies dead, and has introduced some document—a will of his own fabrication, no doubt—in place of the genuine will left in Mr. de Crespiigny's private secretary's charge."

"How do you know this, Eleanor?" cried Gilbert Monckton.

"I know it, because I was outside the window of the study when he changed the papers in the cabinet, and because I have the real will in my possession."

"It is a lie!" shouted Launcelot Darrell, starting to his feet, "a damnable lie; the real will!"

"Was burnt, as you think, Mr. Darrell; but you are mistaken. The document which your friend, Monsieur Victor Bourdon, burnt, was a paper which you dropped out of the secretary's while you were searching for the will."

"And where is the genuine document, Eleanor?" Gilbert asked.

"Here," answered his wife, triumphantly. She put her hand into her pocket. It was empty. The will was gone.

(To be continued.)

AUGUSTUS: "Hallo, Fred! What have you got on your leg?"
FREDERICK: "F is for my dear fellow, I've got to do the dutiful, and take my share to a flower-show. So—now—see, I've just been trying to invent a sort of egg-and-tail—now—act as a protection of one's trousers from the hoofs."

A BROKEN engagement may be termed a miss-tear-jous position.

NEWS AT THE SEASIDE.

None at the seaside no sound
Of the railroad thunders,
No telegraph flashes around
Its rumors and wonders:
Too far from the town for the groans
Of clanking presses to reach us,
We wait for quieter tones—
Rare tidings to teach us.

We sit on the vine-tressed seat,
By maple-crowns shaded;
The emerald lawn at our feet,
With clover-blooms braided.
Beyond, the sea drifts to the rim
Of the sky overarching;
And we watch the trails grow dim
Of ships slowly marching.

Or the love-burdened page is read,
While white fingers are twining
Mazes of rainbow thread
To pictures slowly shining;
Or, far from its sight and sound—
Out of its din and rattle,
On the chessboard's checkered ground
We mimic the nation's battle.

Hark! pausing the work or play,
Wheels grate on the gravel;
The gay threads are flung away,
Heedless if they ravel;
For back from the mart with news
Maurice is returning;
And all our pastimes fuse
Into a sudden burning.

Hours ago the town was thrilled
By news of Vicksburg's capture,
We at a slower rate are filled
With as sure a rapture.

Strange the sea's great quiet seems,
That we but just now shared in;
When on our sweet half-sleeping dreams
Victory's red light flared in!

Here at the seaside we wait
With slower pulse than the city
For tidings that soon or late
Rouse our pride or pity.
But Victory's shout is as sweet
To us when at length we hear it,
As to any who chance to meet
The glory more near it.

A FEW FACTS ABOUT VICKSBURG,

BY ONE WHO TOOK PART IN THE SIEGE.

Robbing the Israelites.

WHEN our troops, under Gen. Grant, captured Jackson, Miss., recently retaken by the gallant Sherman, the soldiers broke into the shops, which were almost, without exception, the property of Jews, and after loading themselves down with everything that was of the slightest use to them, distributed dry-goods, groceries, etc., to the citizens of the captured town. Many were the amusing sights and scenes to be witnessed there that day. An old woman struggling under the weight of a box of tea; another with a sack of salt; an American female, of African descent, totting off on her woolly head a complete set of Cal. houn's works—her companion carrying some two dozen pair of ladies' shoes, adapted for the most dainty little feet; and still another lugging along not less than a full dozen of gentlemen's hats, otherwise familiarly designated as "tiles," while a fourth was completely enveloped and almost hidden from sight by several scores of "hoops," with which some munificent soldier boy had made her supremely happy.

A Rising Negro.

Among the most amusing episodes of the siege which came under my notice was one which occurred June 26, when the mine dug under Fort Hill by Gen. Logan exploded. A large number of rebels were killed and wounded, and several thrown on the side of their works. Among the latter was an American citizen of African descent, who, strange to say, was not hurt, but very badly frightened. The shock of his fall was severe, but his strongest defence received the shock, as he descended head foremost. It took the gentleman of "ouled persuasion" a few moments to arrange his faculties and to comprehend the situation. When he learned the fact that he was inside our lines, he began to beg for mercy. "Don't shoot, don't shoot at me—I was only totting up grub." When he was asked by the soldiers how he came into our lines, he replied: "Dunno, massa; shell, I spects! And how high do you think you went?" "Oh, lor, massa, dunno! Two, free mile, I s'pose."

Our Pickets.

It was a very common circumstance for the pickets of the opposing armies to meet and exchange papers and other commodities, as well as to indulge in a little friendly talk and badinage. A few days before the surrender a picket party of 15, belonging to Luman's division, proposed an armistice of half an hour, and that the rebels should meet them half way, both parties to leave their arms behind them. The arrangement was assented to, and the two squads of 15 each marched forward, unarmed, in single file, until, the met. Our boys had taken with them some hot coffee, ham, whiskey and cigars—four articles—the flavor of which was almost forgotten by the half-famished rebels, who were then living on mule steaks and bean coffee. The only return the buttresses could make was to give our boys some copies of the Vicksburg Citizen, printed on wall paper, and published twice a week at 25 cents per copy. After seeing the rebels eat and drink to their hearts' content, and having a good time together, seated on the grass under the shade of a magnificent magnolia at least 60 feet in height, the Yankee sergeant looked at his watch and announced: "The time was up, and ordered his men to fall into line. The buttresses, gentry did the same, when the Federal sergeant, seeing all were ready for a fair start, shouted out, 'Now, rebels, run to your guns!' and in ten minutes the sharp rips of rifles were heard, fired by the identical soldiers who, but a moment before, had been seated together smoking, singing, and good-naturedly boasting of the respective merits of the Federal and Confederate troops.

A Yankee Trick.

One morning, I think it was the 1st of July, some boys of the 15th Illinois, who were doing duty in the

rifles, manufactured an imitation soldier and so deceived him in the regulation uniform. When the bogus imitation was completed, they raised it up slightly above the work, when white-whins—white went the rifles of the rebel sharpshooters, and two bullets penetrated the spot where the brains ought to have been. Dropping him down, they soon exposed the figure again, and repeated it several times to the great amusement of the soldiers, who were delighted to see the rebels so completely humbugged into wasting their time as well as powder, in firing at a log of wood. The hoax was at length discovered by a lynx-eyed rebel who, in clear clarion tones which were distinctly heard in our lines, shouted out, "Oh, you d—d Yankees, no more of your infernal wooden nutmeg and wh—d to oak chee so jokes. They're played out, and be d—d to you!"

The Dying Soldier.

On the march back from Satura of Gen. Blair's expedition, a soldier was shot and the wound was pronounced mortal by the surgeons, who represented that he could not live above an hour. Our ambulances being already overcrowded he was left behind with a squad of men from his regiment, who were ordered to dig a grave and bury their comrade when he should expire. They made the grave, and while one sat down by the side of the dying soldier the others amused themselves with a game of euchre. The moment the poor fellow breathed his last he was lifted into his last resting-place, where, with a few shovelfuls of earth thrown over him, his companions left him and hastily rode off to join the column.

A Ruse de Guerre.

One night in June the rebels came out in force, and by making a long detour got in the rear of three companies who had been sent out to protect the men at work in digging rifle-pits. They killed, wounded and captured upwards of 100 of our soldiers, and got back to their works just before daylight with small loss. Capt. G— discovering that they were completely surrounded and that there was no chance of escape, contrived to climb a tree, and there he remained undiscovered until the rebels retreated, when he came down and started towards our lines. He had gone but a short distance when he suddenly came upon four rebels armed with rifles, who at the same moment saw him. It was a critical situation, but the Captain was equal to it. Marching directly up to them he said: "What the devil are you doing here?" The Rebels were rather taken aback by his authoritative and bold manner, and never doubting for a moment that his company were at hand, unhesitatingly laid down their arms upon his ordering them to do so. Soon after our troops and pickets were greatly puzzled by the sight of four Confederates marching in line in the direction of camp with a Federal officer immediately behind, a revolver in one hand, his sword in the other. It was our friend the Captain marching his four prisoners to headquarters.

Cruelties to the Slaves.

The cruelties practiced upon the bondmen and bondwomen of the South far exceed anything described by Mrs. Stowe or in Mrs. Kemble's journal of "Life on a Georgia Plantation," and would melt anything softer than a slaveholder's heart. I have seen on many a Mississippi plantation the numerous instruments of torture, and had the pleasure and satisfaction of seeing the negroes make bonfires of them. They were scourged with the sole leather paddle, which at every blow raised a blister; lashed with the long bull whip of the overseer, which leaves indelible scars upon the back; burned with hot irons; confined in neck, leg and wrist stocks; tied up by the thumbs; compelled to wear iron gags and collars, to suffer the punishment of the furies referred to by Roman writers as in vogue 1,000 years ago; the flogging stakes, by which the slave is tied to the ground to receive the punishment of the lash; the hunting and tearing to pieces by bloodhounds; the separation of families; the enforced concubinage, the extinguishment of womanly shame, and other untold miseries.

A Negro's Idea of Numbers.

The negro has but a limited idea of numbers, at least I found such was the case among the slaves of the South. On one occasion I was told that there was more than 1,000 mounted rebels at a village about two miles distant. This was rather an alarming and unexpected piece of information, as I was at least 20 miles from any support, and had but a small force with me. The thought occurred to me to ask my informant how many soldiers he thought I had, when he replied: "Well, massa, you got more dan de Seesh—about 2,000, I reckon." I had just 250, and did not turn back as I had at first thought of doing, but went to the village before mentioned and returned to camp with sundry prisoners, besides accomplishing the object of the expedition.

On another occasion I was passing through a plantation with less than 100 men, when I overheard the following remark and reply, which emanated from two colored "niggers":

Remark—"Look here! look here! see the Yankee niggers a-comin'!"

Reply—"Yes, thousands of 'em—thousands of 'em!"

NAVY SHOULDER STRAPS.

WE are indebted to Messrs. Tomes, Son & Melvain for the following correct description of the present shoulder straps used in the Navy, recent changes having been made by the Navy Department:

Shoulder straps to be of Navy blue cloth, 4 inches long, 1½ inches wide, bordered with an emerald lacy of gold ¼ inch in width, with the following distinguishing devices:

Admiral—Foul anchor, ½ inch in length in centre, with star on each end, ½ inch in diameter, placed ½ of an inch from centre of star to end of strap, all embroidered in silver.

Commodore—Foul anchor, ½ inch, embroidered in gold in centre, with star ½ inch in diameter, embroidered on anchor, in silver.

Captain—Spread eagle, 2 inches between tips of the wings, standing on plain anchor ½ inches long, embroidered in silver in centre of strap.

Commander—Foul anchor, ½ inch in length, in centre, with leaf at each end ½ of an inch in length, stalk of leaf placed ½ inch from end of strap, all embroidered in silver.

Lieutenant-Commander—Same as Commander, except leaves to be embroidered in gold.

Lieutenant—Same as Commander, except that instead of the leaves, there shall be 2 gold embroidered bars at each end, 2-10 inch wide, each ¼ inch long, with 1-10 inch space between each bar, and placed 4-10 inch from end of strap.

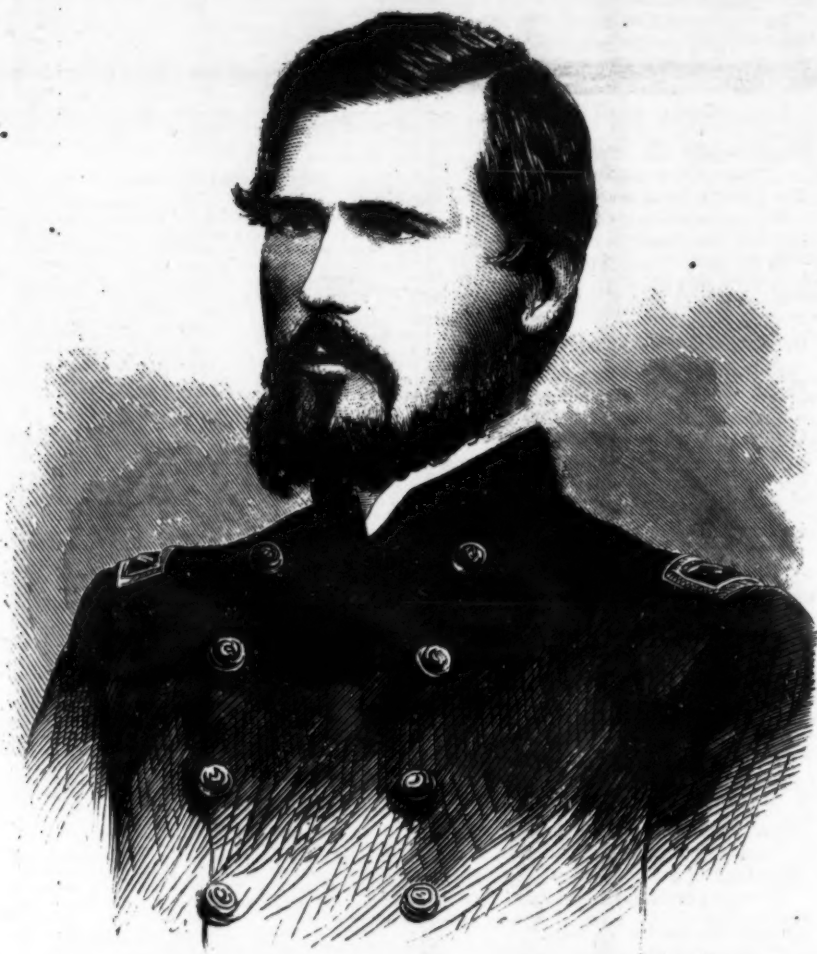
Master—Same as Lieutenant, except there shall be but one embroidered gold bar at each end 2-10 inch wide, ¼ inch long, and 4-10 inch from end of strap.

Ensign—Same as Master, but without bars.

LORD FAULKNER, author of the play called "The Marriage Night," was chosen very young to sit in Parliament, and when he was first elected some of the members opposed his admission, urging that he had not sown his wild oats. "Then," replied he, "the very best place to sow them in will be the House, where there are so many geese to pick them up."

When crinoline had reached its utmost expansion, a notification was posted upon a servants' agency office, worded thus: "Ladies coming to this establishment to be hired will greatly oblige Mr. S. by sitting as near a gatherer as possible, so far the last day or two many persons desiring to engage domestics have found it impossible to gain admittance."

A YOUNG lady, when told to exercise for her health, said she would jump at an offer, and run her own risk.



COL. EDWARD B. FOWLER, 14TH N. Y. S. M.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

COL. EDWARD B. FOWLER.

14th Regt. N. Y. S. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.

COL. FOWLEE was born in New York city, in 1827, but from his youth has resided in Brooklyn. He became connected with the 14th regiment in the year 1847, and is, consequently, one of the oldest members; was an officer in the Union Blues (now Co. C), formerly designated National Guards, which organization, for efficiency in military tactics, is second to none.

After four years service as 1st Lieutenant, he was elected Captain of Co. E, and in the year 1859 Major of the regiment.

► In May, 1861, the 14th regiment were among the first to volunteer their services in defence of our country's rights, and in obedience to the call, on the 18th of that month took their departure for the "sunny South" with full ranks, numbering upwards of 900 men, under command of Col. A. M. Wood, Major Fowler being promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel.

Its services since then have made its name one of the most honorable on the rolls of the American army, and Col. Fowler has shared

alike its perils and its triumphs. At the first battle of Bull Run, Col. Wood having been wounded and taken prisoner by the rebels, Col. Fowler succeeded to the command of the regiment. On Col. Wood's return from captivity, finding his health too much impaired to resume command, he resigned his commission, and in October, 1862, Col. Fowler was appointed his successor.

On the 29th of August, 1862, Col. Fowler received a severe wound while bravely leading his regiment at the battle of Manassas, and for some weeks his recovery was doubtful. Physical skill of the most experienced surgeons enabled him, after severe sufferings, to resume the field in January, 1863.

Since the battle of Gettysburg, being the highest in rank, Col. Fowler has been commander of the brigade, and we trust he will soon receive the rank of Brigadier, to which he is abundantly entitled, since all regard him as a tried and superior officer.

Col. Fowler has been, on several occasions, highly complimented by Gens. McDowell, Augur, King, Wadsworth, Hatch, and others, for his conduct in the field and military dis-

cipline, and is greatly esteemed by the men under his command.

LIEUT.-COL. ROBERT B. JORDAN.

14th Reg. N. Y. S. M., Brooklyn Regiment,

Was born in Norfolk, Va., in 1826, but has resided in Brooklyn, N. Y., since 1831. He joined the old 14th at its formation, in 1847, as a member of Co. C, the celebrated National Guard. During the present war he has constantly shared the fortunes of his gallant regiment. At the first battle of Bull Run, in July, 1861, he was a Captain, and received a severe wound in the shoulder which disabled him from service for some weeks.

For his bravery in that engagement he was shortly after promoted to the rank of Major, and proved himself a very superior officer in that capacity.

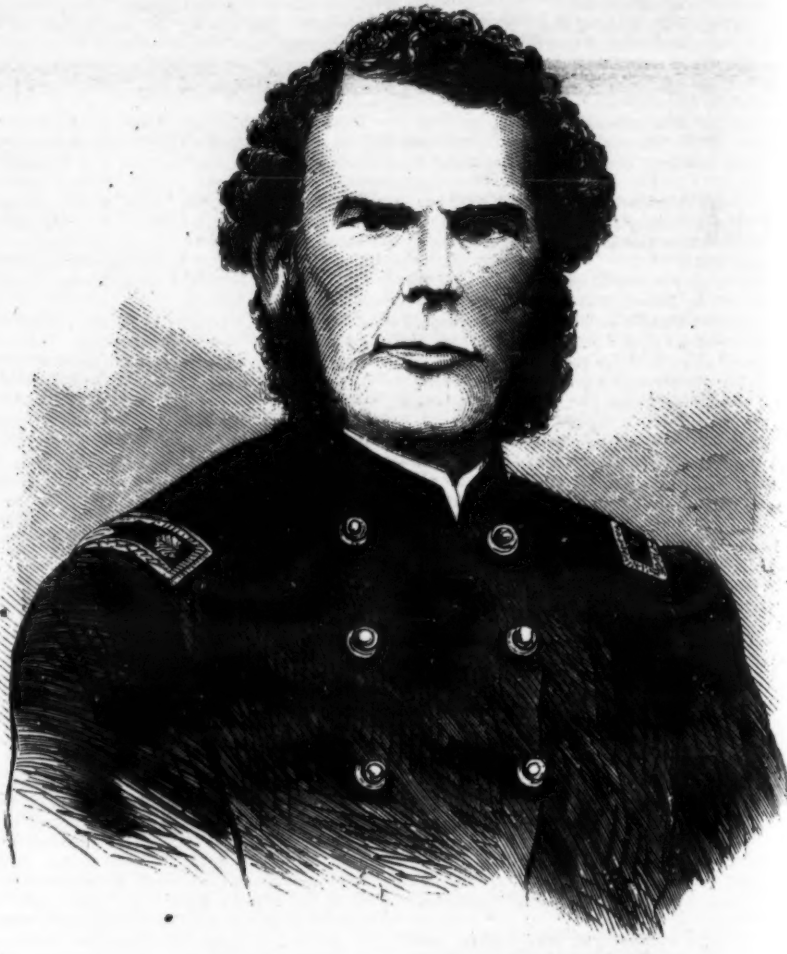
After the resignation of Col. A. M. Wood, and soon after the retirement of Lieut.-Col. De Bevoise from the service, Major Jordan

was promoted to his present grade, to the great satisfaction of the entire regiment, who to a man manifested their happiness on his assuming that office.

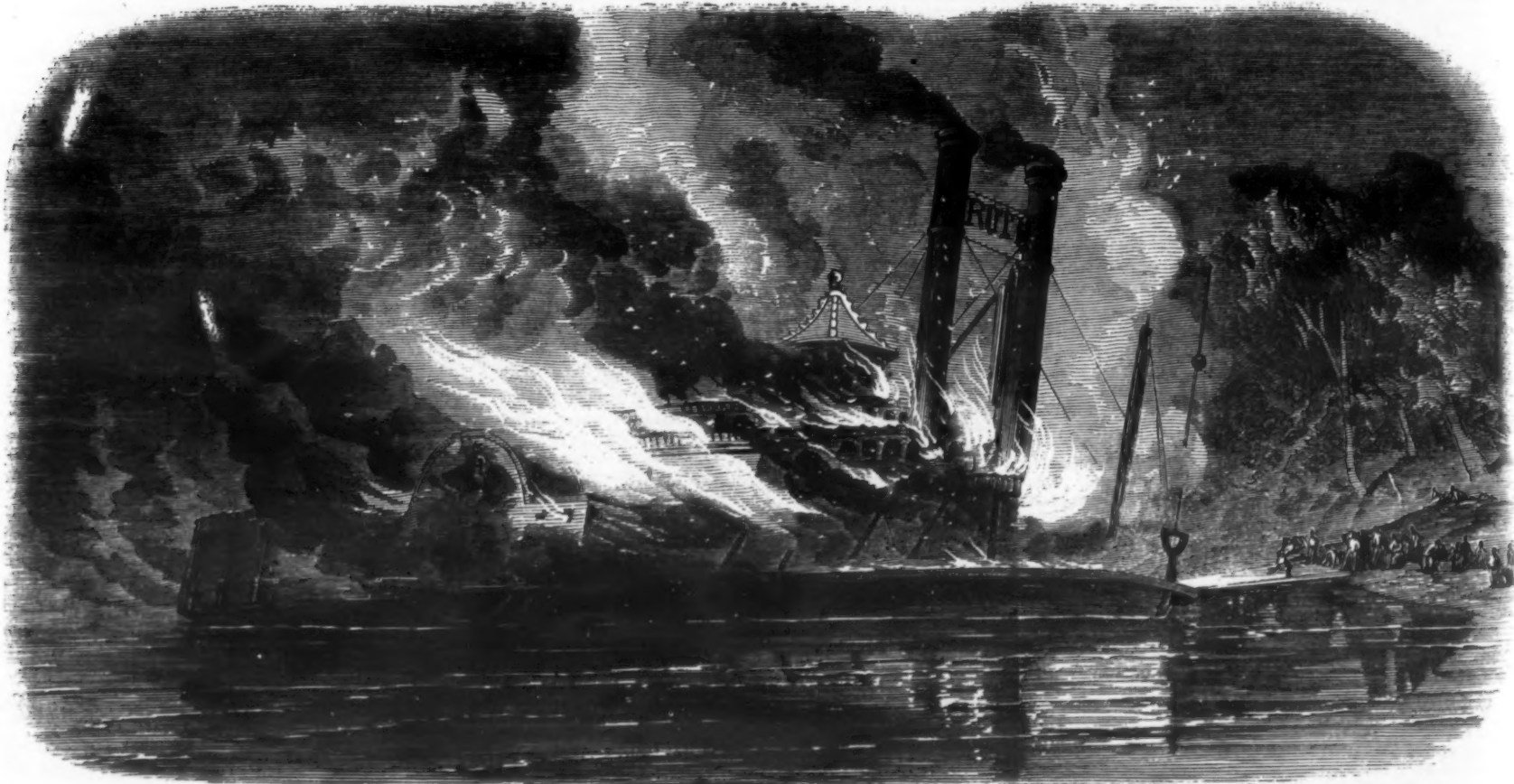
The military discipline of the 14th is owing in a great measure to the superior ability of the present Col. Fowler and Lieut.-Col. Jordan.

Subsequent to the battle of Gettysburg, Col. Fowler was detailed to perform the office of Brigadier-General, and while his duties compelled him to be absent from the regiment, Lieut.-Col Jordan officiated as its commander. While he governed with the skill and ability of a strict disciplinarian, his knowledge of the wants and comforts of the men under his command, and his rigid attention to all the requirements essential to the usefulness and efficiency of the soldier, proved him eminently fitted for the responsible position.

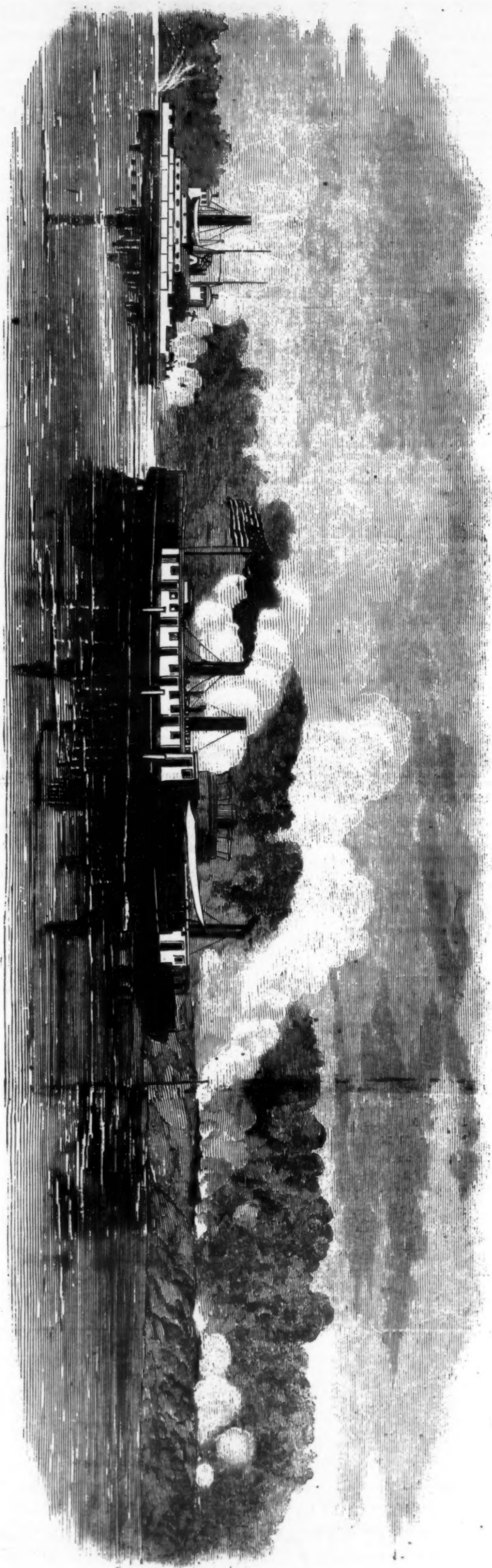
The Brooklyn 14th is one of those corps which men will hereafter boast of having served in, and we but pay a deserved tribute to our sister city in giving the portraits of the gallant men who have led it into action on so many bloodstained fields.



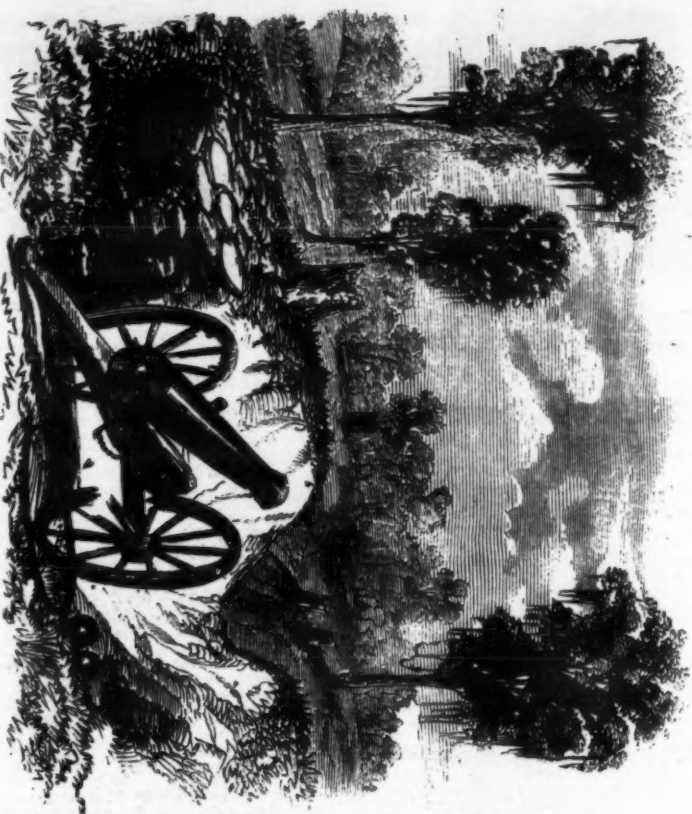
LINCOLN COL. ROBERT B. JORDAN, 14TH N. Y. S. M.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



BURNING OF THE U. S. STEAMER BU 11 ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. B. SCHILL.



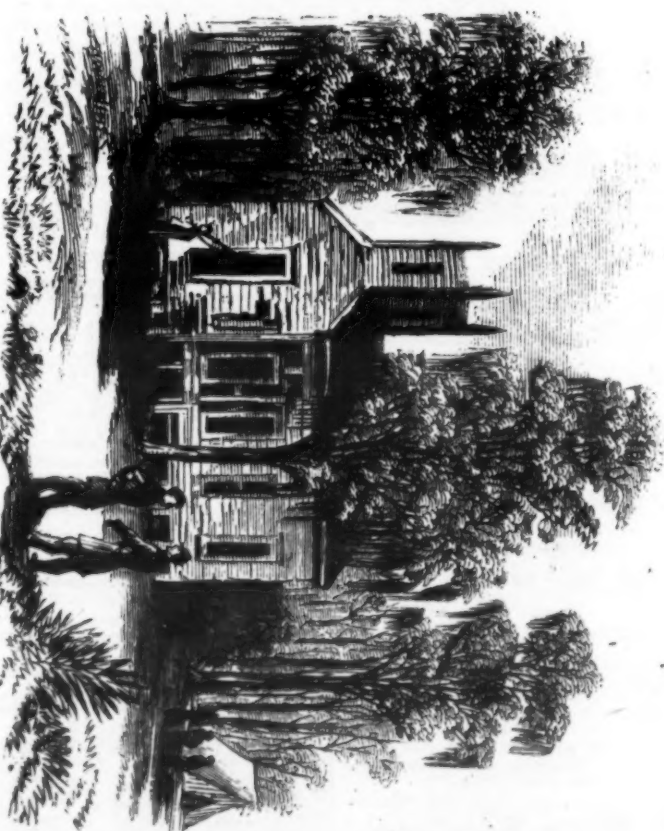
WALK IN VIRGINIA—ACTION OF JAMES EYRE, ANCHOR 6, BETWEEN THE MONITOR AND THE BATTLESHIP.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. S. BOWEN.



SPACE OF UNION SHOT—DISMOUNTED CANNON AT FORT HUDSON.



PICT. PORTER (COUNCIL), THE SHAPESHOWER OF THE W.M.T.



CHURCH AT FORT HUDSON, BUILT BY THE W.M.T.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. S. BOWEN.

GUNBOAT ACTION AT TURKEY BEND, On James River, Aug. 3, 1863.

We alluded in our last to the expedition up James river, and illustrated the explosion of the torpedo under the Com. Barney. We here present the attack on the boats by rebel batteries on shore, near Malvern hill. The vessels engaged were the Com. Barney, Acting Vol. Lieut. Sam. Huse, Gen. Jesup; Cohasset, Capt. Cox; and Sangamon, Capt. Nicholson. After the injury to the Barney the reconnoitring expedition dropped down till joined by the Jesup. The Barney was in tow behind, while the Cohasset was hitted to the port side of the monitor Sangamon and exposed to the worst fire. The Gen. Jesup, army gunboat, Lieut.-Col. Whipple, 19th Wisconsin, commanding, was fastened to the starboard side. The boats were protected by iron shutters. As they approached Turkey bend the enemy were found posted on a bluff with artillery and sharpshooters on the edge of the woods. They at once opened a tremendous fire on the boats, by which the Barney was riddled, besides being struck by 30 solid shot and shell.

BURNING OF THE STEAMER RUTH On the Mississippi, Aug. 3, 1863.

The destruction of the steamer Ruth was attended with the death of many passengers and great loss to the Government, a considerable amount for the payment of Gen. Grant's army being on board. She left St. Louis for Vicksburg on the 3d, and when near Island No. 1 was discovered to be on fire between decks. As soon as this was known the boat was headed for the Missouri side, but as the fire drove the engineers from their posts, she struck the shore with great force, and before many could jump ashore she swung off, and, as her engines were working, ran down the river in flames.

There were 200 persons on board, over 30 of whom perished. The fire is supposed to have been the work of rebel emissaries, whose motto has ever been destruction.

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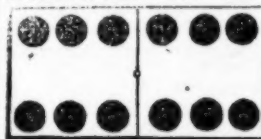
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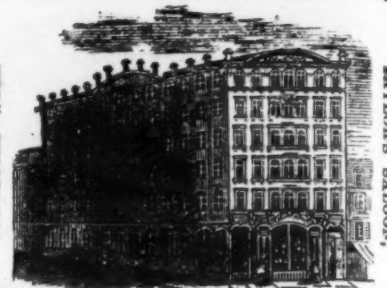
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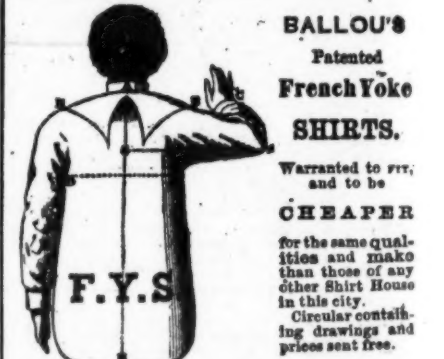
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